This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

**Usage guidelines**

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

**About Google Book Search**

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

280 f. 1905

THE

# POETICAL WORKS

OF

# *ROBERT BURNS.*

A NEW EDITION.

INCLUDING THE PIECES PUBLISHED IN HIS CORRESPONDENCE,

WITH HIS SONGS AND FRAGMENTS.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED,

A SKETCH OF HIS LIFE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR T. CADELL AND W. DAVIES, STRAND.

1804.

BODLEIAN LIBRARY
14
MAY
1927
OXFORD

Luke Hansard, Printer,
Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

# CONTENTS OF

## VOL. II.

### POEMS, chiefly SCOTTISH.


*Despondency; an Ode* - - p. 1
*Winter; a Dirge* - - - 5
*The Cotter's Saturday Night* 7
*Man was made to mourn; a Dirge* - - - - - 16
*A Prayer in the Prospect of Death* - - - - - 20
*Stanzas on the same Occasion* 21
*Verses left by the Author, in a Room where he slept; having lain at the House of a Reverend Friend* - 23
*The First Psalm* - - - - 25
*A Prayer, under the Pressure of violent Anguish* - - 26
*The first Six Verses of the Nineteenth Psalm* - - - 27
*To a Mountain Daisy* - - p. 26
*To Ruin* - - - - - - 32
*To Miss L——, with Beattie's Poems as a New-year's Gift, Jan. 1, 1787* - - 34
*Epistle to a Young Friend* 35
*On a Scotch Bard, gone to the West Indies* - - - 39
*To a Haggis* - - - - 42
*A Dedication to Gavin Hamilton, Esq.* - - - - - 45
*To a Louse; on seeing one on a Lady's Bonnet at Church* - - - - - 51
*Address to Edinburgh* - - 54
*Epistle to J. Lapraik, an old Scottish Bard* - - - 57

*To the Same* - - - - p. 63
*To W. S***n; Ochiltree, May* 1785 - - - - 68
*Postscript* - - - - - 73
*Epistle to J. R***; inclosing some Poems* - - - - 77
*John Barleycorn; a Ballad* 81
*A Fragment* - - - - - 85
*Song* - - - - - - - 89
*Song, composed in August* 91
*Song* - - - - - - - 93
*Green grow the Rushes, O: A Fragment* - - - - 95
*Song* - - - - - - - 97
*Song* - - - - - - - 100
*Song* - - - - - - - 102
*The Farewell, to the Brethren of St. James's Lodge, Tarbolton* - - - - - 103
*Song* - - - - - - - 105
*Written in Friars-Carse Hermitage, on Nith-Side* - 107
*Ode, sacred to the Memory of Mrs.* —— *of* —— 110
*Elegy on Captain Matthew Henderson* - - - - 112
*The Epitaph* - - - p. 117
*Lament of Mary Queen of Scots, on the Approach of Spring* - - - - - 119
*To Robert Graham, Esq. of Fintra* - - - - - 122
*Lament for James Earl of Glencairn* - - - - 126
*Lines sent to Sir John Whiteford, of Whiteford, Bart. with the foregoing Poem* - - 130
*Tam O' Shanter; a Tale* - 131
*On seeing a wounded Hare limp by me, which a fellow had just shot* - - - - 142
*Address to the Shade of Thomson, on crowning his Bust at Ednam, Roxburghshire, with Bays* - - - - 145

EPITAPHS, &c.

*On a Celebrated Ruling Elder* - - - - p. 146
*On a Noisy Polemic* - - ibid.
*On Wee Johnny* - - - 147
*For the Author's Father* ibid.

*For R. A. Esq.* - - - p. 148
*For G. H. Esq.* - - - ibid.
*A Bard's Epitaph* - - 149
*On the late Captain Grose's Peregrination through Scotland, collecting the Antiquities of that Kingdom* - 151
*To Miss Cruikshanks, a very Young Lady* - - - 155
*Song* - - - - - - 157
*On reading, in a Newspaper, the Death of John M'Leod, Esq.* - - - - - 158
*The Humble Petition of Bruar Water to the Noble Duke of Athole* - - - - - 160
*On scaring some Water-Fowl in Loch-Turit* - - - 165
*Written with a Pencil over the Chimney-piece, in the Parlour of the Inn at Kenmore, Taymouth* - - - p. 168
*Written with a Pencil, standing by the Fall of Fyers, near Loch-Ness* - - - - 171
*On the Birth of a Posthumous Child. Born in peculiar Circumstances of Family Distress* - - - - 173
*The Whistle; a Ballad* - 175

A GLOSSARY - - - - - - - - - - - - - p. 185
A TABLE, *in the Alphabetical Order, of the First Line of each Poem*; to all the Volumes - - - - - - - - - p. 209

# POEMS,

## CHIEFLY SCOTTISH.

CONTINUED.

---

## *DESPONDENCY.*

AN ODE.

I.

OPPRESS'D with grief, oppress'd with care,
A burden more than I can bear,
I sit me down and sigh:
O life! thou art a galling load,
Along a rough, a weary road,
To wretches such as I!
Dim backward as I cast my view
What sick'ning scenes appear!
What sorrows *yet* may pierce me thro',
Too justly I may fear!

Still caring, despairing,
Must be my bitter doom;
My woes here shall close ne'er,
But with the closing tomb!

II.

Happy ye sons of busy life,
Who, equal to the bustling strife,
No other view regard!
Ev'n when the wished *end* 's deny'd,
Yet while the busy *means* are ply'd,
They bring their own reward:
Whilst I, a hope-abandon'd wight,
Unfitted with an *aim*,
Meet ev'ry sad returning night,
And joyless morn the same,
You bustling, and justling,
Forget each grief and pain;
I listless, yet restless,
Find every prospect vain.

III.

How blest the Solitary's lot,
Who, all-forgetting, all-forgot,
Within his humble cell,
The cavern wild with tangling roots,
Sits o'er his newly-gather'd fruits,
Beside his crystal well!

Or, haply, to his ev'ning thought,
By unfrequented stream,
The ways of men are distant brought,
A faint collected dream:
While praising, and raising
His thoughts to heav'n on high,
As wand'ring, meand'ring,
He views the solemn sky.

IV.

Than I, no lonely hermit plac'd
Where never human footstep trac'd,
Less fit to play the part;
The lucky moment to improve,
And *just* to stop, and *just* to move,
With self-respecting art:
But ah! those pleasures, loves, and joys,
Which I too keenly taste,
The *solitary* can despise,
Can want, and yet be blest!
He needs not, he heeds not,
Or human love or hate,
Whilst I here must cry here,
At perfidy ingrate!

V.

Oh! enviable, early days,
When dancing thoughtless pleasure's maze,
To care, to guilt unknown!
How ill exchang'd for riper times,
To feel the follies, or the crimes,
Of others, or my own!
Ye tiny elves that guiltless sport,
Like linnets in the bush,
Ye little know the ills ye court,
When manhood is your wish!
The losses, the crosses,
That *active man* engage!
The fears all, the tears all,
Of dim-declining *age!*

# *WINTER,*

## A DIRGE.

I.

THE wintry west extends his blast,
And hail and rain does blaw;
Or, the stormy north sends driving forth
The blinding sleet and snaw:
While tumbling brown, the burn comes down,
And roars frae bank to brae;
And bird and beast in covert rest
And pass the heartless day.

II.

"The sweeping blast, the sky o'ercast*,"
The joyless winter-day,
Let others fear, to me more dear
Than all the pride of May:

* Dr. Young.

The tempest's howl, it sooths my soul,
My griefs it seems to join,
The leafless trees my fancy please,
Their fate resembles mine!

III.

Thou *Pow'r Supreme*, whose mighty scheme
These woes of mine fulfil,
Here, firm, I rest, they *must* be best,
Because they are *Thy* Will!
Then all I want (O, do thou grant
This one request of mine!)
Since to *enjoy* thou dost deny,
Assist me to *resign*.

THE

# *COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.*

INSCRIBED TO R. A****, ESQ.

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short but simple annals of the poor.
*Gray.*

I.

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end;
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple *Scottish* lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What A**** in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

II.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;
The short'ning winter-day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose:
The toil-worn *Cotter* frae his labour goes,
*This night* his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the *morn* in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

III.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant *wee-things*, toddlin, stacher through
To meet their Dad, wi' flitcherin noise an' glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinkin bonnily,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie *wifie*'s smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour an' his toil.

IV.

Belyve the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town:

Their eldest hope, their *Jenny*, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to shew a braw new gown,
Or deposite her sair-won penny-fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

V.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for other's weelfare kindly spiers:
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The *mother*, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The *father* mixes a' wi' admonition due.

VI.

Their master's an' their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
'An' mind their labours wi' an eydent hand,
'An' ne'er, tho' out o' sight, to jauk or play;
'An' O! be sure to fear the LORD alway!
'An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
'Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
'Implore his counsel and assisting might:
'They never sought in vain that sought the LORD
'aright!'

VII.

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
*Jenny*, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in *Jenny*'s e'e, and flush her cheek;
With heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While *Jenny* hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild, worthless rake.

VIII.

Wi' kindly welcome *Jenny* brings him ben;
A strappan youth; he takes the mother's eye;
Blythe *Jenny* sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy.
But blate and laithfu', scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' an' sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her *bairn*'s respected like the lave.

IX.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures! bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary *mortal round*,
And sage *experience* bids me this declare—

'If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
'One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
'In others arms breathe out the tender tale,
'Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'n-
'ing gale.'

X.

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet *Jenny*'s unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild?

XI.

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The healsome *parritch*, chief o' *Scotia*'s food:
The soupe their only *Hawkie* does afford,
That 'yont the hallan snugly chows her cood:
The dame brings forth in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck, fell,
An' aft he's prest, an' aft he ca's it guid;
The frugal wifie, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld, sin' lint was i' the bell.

XII.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big *ha'-Bible*, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales a portion with judicious care;
And, '*Let us worship* GOD!' he says, with solemn air.

XIII.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps *Dundee*'s wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive *Martyrs*, worthy of the name:
Or noble *Elgin* beets the heav'n-ward flame,
The sweetest far of *Scotia*'s holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame
The tickl'd ears no heart-felt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

XIV.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How *Abram* was the *friend of* GOD on high;
Or, *Moses* bade eternal warfare wage
With *Amalek*'s ungracious progeny;

Or how the *royal bard* did groaning lye
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, *Job*'s pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt *Isaiah*'s wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

XV.

Perhaps the *Christian volume* is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How *He*, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head:
How his first followers and servants sped,
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in *Patmos* banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great *Bab'lon*'s doom pronounc'd by Heav'n's command.

XVI.

Then kneeling down, to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING,
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing*,'
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their *Creator*'s praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

* Pope's Windsor Forest.

XVII.

Compar'd with this, how poor Religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method, and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devotion's ev'ry grace, except the *heart !*
The *Pow'r,* incens'd, the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some *cottage* far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enroll.

XVIII.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,
And proffer up to Heaven the warm request
That *He* who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

XIX.

From scenes like these old *Scotia's* grandeur springs,
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
'An honest man's the noblest work of GOD:'

And *certes*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind;
What is a lordling's pomp! a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

XX.

O *Scotia!* my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From Luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-lov'd *Isle*.

XXI.

O *Thou!* who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' *Wallace*'s undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's *God*, peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
O, never, never, *Scotia*'s realm desert;
But still the *patriot*, and the *patriot bard*,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

## *MAN WAS MADE TO MOURN:*

### A DIRGE.

I.

WHEN chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of *Ayr*,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

II.

Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?
Began the rev'rend sage;
Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasure's rage?
Or haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me, to mourn
The miseries of man.

III.

The sun that overhangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride;
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs,
That man was made to mourn.

IV.

O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!
Mis-spending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway!
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

V.

Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
*Supported* is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, O ill-match'd pair!
Show man was made to mourn.

VI.

A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet, think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest.
But, Oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

VII.

Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heav'n-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn!

VIII.

See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,
Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, tho' a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

IX.

If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave,
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

X.

Yet, let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast:
This partial view of human-kind
Is surely not the *last!*
The poor, oppressed, honest man,
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

XI.

O death! the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;
But, Oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!

A

## *PRAYER IN THE PROSPECT OF DEATH.*

I.

O THOU unknown, Almighty Cause
Of all my hope and fear!
In whose dread presence, ere an hour,
Perhaps I must appear!

II.

If I have wander'd in those paths
Of life I ought to shun;
As *something*, loudly, in my breast,
Remonstrates I have done;

III.

Thou know'st that thou hast formed me
With passions wild and strong;
And list'ning to their witching voice
Has often led me wrong.

IV.

Where human *weakness* has come short,
Or *frailty* stept aside,
Do thou, *All-Good!* for such thou art,
In shades of darkness hide.

V.

Where with *intention* I have err'd,
No other plea I have,
But, *Thou art good;* and goodness still
Delighteth to forgive.

## *STANZAS ON THE SAME OCCASION.*

WHY am I loth to leave this earthly scene!
Have I so found it full of pleasing charms!
Some drops of joy with draughts of ill between:
Some gleams of sunshine 'mid renewing storms:
Is it departing pangs my soul alarms?
Or death's unlovely, dreary, dark abode?
For guilt, for guilt, my terrors are in arms;
I tremble to approach an angry GOD,
And justly smart beneath his sin-avenging rod.

Fain would I say, 'Forgive my foul offence!'
Fain promise never more to disobey;
But, should my Author health again dispense,
Again I might desert fair virtue's way;
Again in folly's path might go astray:
Again exalt the brute and sink the man;
Then how should I for heavenly mercy pray,
Who act so counter heavenly mercy's plan?
Who sin so oft have mourn'd, yet to temptation ran

O Thou, great Governor of all below!
If I may dare a lifted eye to Thee,
Thy nod can make the tempest cease to blow,
Or still the tumult of the raging sea:
With that controlling pow'r assist ev'n me,
Those headlong furious passions to confine;
For all unfit I feel my powers to be,
To rule their torrent in th' allowed line;
O, aid me with thy help, *Omnipotence Divine!*

LYING AT A REVEREND FRIEND'S HOUSE ONE NIGHT, THE AUTHOR LEFT

## *THE FOLLOWING VERSES*

IN THE ROOM WHERE HE SLEPT.

I.

O THOU dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!
I know thou wilt me hear:
When for this scene of peace and love,
I make my pray'r sincere.

II.

The hoary sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleas'd to spare;
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are.

III.

She, who her lovely offspring eyes
With tender hopes and fears,
O, bless her with a mother's joys,
But spare a mother's tears!

IV.

Their hope, their stay, their darling youth,
In manhood's dawning blush;
Bless him, thou God of love and truth,
Up to a parent's wish.

V.

The beauteous, seraph sister-band,
With earnest tears I pray,
Thou know'st the snares on ev'ry hand,
Guide thou their steps alway.

VI.

When soon or late they reach that coast,
O'er life's rough ocean driv'n,
May they rejoice, no wand'rer lost,
A family in Heav'n!

## *THE FIRST PSALM.*

THE man, in life wherever placed,
Hath happiness in store,
Who walks not in the wicked's way,
Nor learns their guilty lore!

Nor from the seat of scornful pride
Casts forth his eyes abroad,
But with humility and awe
Still walks before his GOD.

That man shall flourish like the trees
Which by the streamlets grow;
The fruitful top is spread on high,
And firm the root below.

But he whose blossom buds in guilt
Shall to the ground be cast,
And like the rootless stubble tost,
Before the sweeping blast.

For why? that GOD the good adore
Hath giv'n them peace and rest,
But hath decreed that wicked men
Shall ne'er be truly blest.

## A PRAYER,

### UNDER THE PRESSURE OF VIOLENT ANGUISH.

O THOU Great Being! what thou art
Surpasses me to know:
Yet sure I am, that known to thee
Are all thy works below.

Thy creature here before thee stands,
All wretched and distrest;
Yet sure those ills that wring my soul
Obey thy high behest.

Sure thou, Almighty, canst not act
From cruelty or wrath!
O, free my weary eyes from tears,
Or close them fast in death!

But if I must afflicted be,
To suit some wise design;
Then man my soul with firm resolves
To bear and not repine!

THE

## *FIRST SIX VERSES OF THE NINETIETH PSALM.*

O THOU, the first, the greatest friend
Of all the human race!
Whose strong right hand has ever been
Their stay and dwelling place!

Before the mountains heav'd their heads
Beneath thy forming hand,
Before this pond'rous globe itself,
Arose at thy command;

That pow'r which rais'd and still upholds
This universal frame,
From countless, unbeginning time
Was ever still the same.

Those mighty periods of years
Which seem to us so vast,
Appear no more before thy sight
Than yesterday that's past.

Thou giv'st the word: Thy creature, man,
Is to existence brought;
Again thou say'st, 'Ye sons of men,
'Return ye into nought!'

Thou layest them, with all their cares,
In everlasting sleep;
As with a flood thou tak'st them off
With overwhelming sweep.

They flourish like the morning flow'r,
In beauty's pride array'd;
But long ere night cut down it lies
All wither'd and decay'd.

## *TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY,*

### ON TURNING ONE DOWN WITH THE PLOUGH IN APRIL 1786.

WEE, modest, crimson-tipped flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem;
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! its no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie *Lark*, companion meet!
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet!
Wi' speckl'd breast,
When upward-springing, blythe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon the early, humble, birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth
Amid the storm,
Scarce rear'd above the parent earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield;
But thou beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie *stibble-field*,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sun-ward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the *share* uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of artless Maid,
Sweet *flow'ret* of the rural shade!
By love's simplicity betray'd,
And guileless trust,
'Till she, like thee, all soil'd, is laid
Low i' the dust.

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean luckless starr'd!
Unskilful he to note the card
Of *prudent lore*,
'Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to *suffering worth* is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n,
To mis'ry's brink,
'Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but *Heav'n*,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
*That fate is thine*—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's *plough-share* drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
'Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight,
Shall be thy doom!

## *TO RUIN.*

I.

ALL hail! inexorable lord!
At whose destruction-breathing word,
The mightiest empires fall!
Thy cruel, woe-delighted train,
The ministers of grief and pain,
A sullen welcome, all!
With stern-resolv'd, despairing eye,
I see each aimed dart;
For one has cut my *dearest tye*,
And quivers in my heart.
Then low'ring, and pouring,
The *storm* no more I dread;
Tho' thick'ning and black'ning,
Round my devoted head.

II.

And thou grim pow'r, by life abhorr'd,
While life a *pleasure* can afford,
Oh! hear a wretch's pray'r!
No more I shrink appall'd, afraid;
I court, I beg thy friendly aid,
To close this scene of care!
When shall my soul, in silent peace,
Resign life's *joyless* day;
My weary heart its throbbings cease,
Cold mould'ring in the clay?
No fear more, no tear more,
To stain my lifeless face;
Enclasped, and grasped
Within thy cold embrace!

## *TO MISS L—,*

### WITH BEATTIE'S POEMS AS A NEW YEAR'S GIFT, JANUARY 1, 1787.

AGAIN the silent wheels of time
Their annual round have driv'n,
And you, tho' scarce in maiden prime,
Are so much nearer Heav'n.

No gifts have I from Indian coasts
The infant year to hail;
I send you more than India boasts,
In *Edwin's* simple tale.

Our sex with guile and faithless love
Is charg'd, perhaps, too true;
But may, dear maid, each lover prove
An *Edwin* still to you!

## *EPISTLE TO A YOUNG FRIEND.*

MAY —— 1786.

I.

I LANG hae thought, my youthfu' friend,
A something to have sent you,
Tho' it should serve nae other end
Than just a kind *memento;*
But how the subject-theme may gang,
Let time and chance determine;
Perhaps it may turn out a sang,
Perhaps turn out a sermon.

II.

Ye 'll try the world soon, my lad,
And *Andrew* dear, believe me,
Ye 'll find mankind an unco squad,
And muckle they may grieve ye:
For care and trouble set your thought,
Ev'n when your end 's attained;
And a' your views may come to nought,
Where ev'ry nerve is strained.

III.

I'll no say, men are villains a';
The real, harden'd wicked,
Wha hae nae check but human law,
Are to a few restricked:
But och, mankind are unco weak,
And little to be trusted;
If *self* the wavering balance shake,
Its rarely right adjusted!

IV.

Yet they wha fa' in fortune's strife,
Their fate we should na censure,
For still th' *important end* of life,
They equally may answer;
A man may hae an honest heart,
Tho' poortith hourly stare him;
A man may tak a neebor's part,
Yet hae nae *cash* to spare him.

V.

Ay free, aff han' your story tell,
When wi' a bosom crony;
But still keep something to yoursel
Ye scarcely tell to ony.
Conceal yoursel as weel 's ye can
Frae critical dissection;
But keek thro' ev'ry other man,
Wi' sharpen'd sly inspection.

VI.

The sacred lowe o' weel-plac'd love,
Luxuriantly indulge it;
But never tempt th' *illicit rove*,
Tho' naething should divulge it:
I wave the quantum o' the sin,
The hazard of concealing;
But och! it hardens a' within,
And petrifies the feeling!

VII.

To catch dame fortune's golden smile,
Assiduous wait upon her;
And gather gear by ev'ry wile
That 's justified by honor;
Not for to hide it in a hedge,
Nor for a train-attendant;
But for the glorious privilege
Of being *independent*.

VIII.

The fear o' hell 's a hangman's whip
To haud the wretch in order;
But where ye feel your *honor* grip,
Let that ay be your border:
Its slightest touches, instant pause—
Debar a' side pretences;
And resolutely keep its laws,
Uncaring consequences.

IX.

The great *Creator* to revere,
Must sure become the *creature;*
But still the preaching cant forbear,
And ev'n the rigid feature:
Yet ne'er with wits prophane to range,
Be complaisance extended;
An Atheist's laugh's a poor exchange
For Deity offended!

X.

When ranting round in pleasure's ring,
Religion may be blinded;
Or if she gie a *random sting,*
It may be little minded;
But when on life we're tempest-driv'n,
A conscience but a canker—
A correspondence fix'd wi' Heav'n,
Is sure a noble *anchor!*

XI.

Adieu, dear, amiable youth!
Your heart can ne'er be wanting!
May prudence, fortitude, and truth,
Erect your brow undaunting!
In ploughman phrase, 'God send you speed,
Still daily to grow wiser:
And may you better reck the *rede,*
Than ever did th' adviser.

## *ON A SCOTCH BARD,*

### GONE TO THE WEST INDIES.

A' YE wha live by soups o' drink,
A' ye wha live by crambo-clink,
A' ye wha live and never think,
Come mourn wi' me!
Our *Billie*'s gien us a' jink,
An' owre the sea.

Lament him a' ye rantin core,
Wha dearly like a random-splore,
Nae mair he 'll join the *merry roar*,
In social key;
For now he's taen anither shore,
An' owre the sea!

The bonnie lasses weel may wiss him,
And in their dear *petitions* place him:
The widows, wives, an' a' may bless him,
Wi' tearfu' e'e;
For weel I wat they'll sairly miss him
That's owre the sea!

O fortune, they hae room to grumble!
Hadst thou taen aff some drowsy bummle,
Wha can do nought but fyke an' fumble,
'Twad been nae plea;
But he was gleg as ony wumble,
That's owre the sea!

Auld, cantie *Kyle* may weepers wear,
An' stain them wi' the saut, saut tear;
'Twill mak her poor auld heart I fear,
In flinders flee;
He was her *laureat* monie a year,
That's owre the sea!

He saw misfortune's cauld *nor-west*
Lang mustering up a bitter blast;
A jillet brak his heart at last,
Ill may she be!
So, took a birth afore the mast,
An' owre the sea.

To tremble under fortune's cummock,
On scarce a bellyfu' o' drummock,
Wi' his proud, independent stomach,
Could ill agree;
So, row't his hurdies in a *hammock*,
An' owre the sea.

He ne'er was gien to great misguiding,
Yet coin his pouches wad na bide in;
Wi' him it ne'er was *under hiding;*
He dealt it free;
The muse was a' that he took pride in,
That 's owre the sea.

*Jamaica bodies,* use him well,
An' hap him in a cozie biel:
Ye'll find him ay a dainty chiel,
And fou' o' glee;
He wad na wrang'd the vera deil,
That 's owre the sea.

Fareweel, my *rhyme-composing Billie!*
Your native soil was right ill-willie;
But may ye flourish like a lily,
Now bonnilie!
I'll toast ye in my hindmost gillie,
Tho' owre the sea!

## *TO A HAGGIS.*

FAIR fa' your honest, sonsie face,
Great chieftain o' the puddin-race!
Aboon them a' ye tak your place,
Painch, tripe, or thairm:
Weel are ye wordy of a *grace*
As lang's my arm.

The groaning trencher there ye fill,
Your hurdies like a distant hill,
Your *pin* wad help to mend a mill
In time o' need,
While thro' your pores the dews distil
Like amber bead.

His knife see rustic labour dight,
An' cut you up wi' ready slight,
Trenching your gushing entrails bright
Like onie ditch;
And then, O what a glorious sight,
Warm-reekin, rich!

Then horn for horn they stretch an' strive,
Deil tak the hindmost, on they drive,
'Till a' their weel-swall'd kytes belyve
Are bent like drums;
Then auld guidman, maist like to rive,
*Bethankit* hums.

Is there that o'er his French *ragout*,
Or *olio* that wad staw a sow,
Or *fricassee* wad mak her spew
Wi' perfect sconner,
Looks down wi' sneering, scornfu' view
On sic a dinner!

Poor devil! see him owre his trash,
As feckless as a wither'd rash,
His spindle shank a guid whip-lash,
His nieve a nit;
Thro' bloody flood or field to dash,
O how unfit!

But mark the rustic, *haggis-fed*,
The trembling earth resounds his tread,
Clap in his walie nieve a blade,
He'll mak it whissle;
An' legs, an' arms, an' heads will sned,
Like taps o' thrissle.

Ye pow'rs wha mak mankind your care,
And dish them out their bill o' fare,
Auld Scotland wants nae skinking ware
That jaups in luggies;
But, if ye wish her gratefu' pray'r,
Gie her a *Haggis!*

## *A DEDICATION.*

TO GAVIN HAMILTON, ESQ.

EXPECT na, Sir, in this narration,
A fleechin, fleth'rin dedication,
To roose you up, an' ca' you guid,
An' sprung o' great an' noble bluid,
Because ye're sirnam'd like *his grace*,
Perhaps related to the race;
Then when I'm tir'd—and sae are *ye*,
Wi' mony a fulsome, sinfu' lie,
Set up a face, how I stop short,
For fear your modesty be hurt.

This may do—maun do, Sir, wi' them wha
Maun please the great folk for a wamefou;
For me! sae laigh I needna bow,
For, Lord be thankit, *I can plough;*
And when I downa yoke a naig,
Then, Lord be thankit, *I can beg;*
Sae I shall say, an' that's na flatt'rin,
Its just *sic poet*, an' *sic patron*.

The Poet, some guid angel help him,
Or else, I fear some ill ane skelp him,
He may do weel for a' he 's done yet,
But only he 's no just begun yet.

The Patron, (Sir, ye maun forgive me,
I winna lie, come what will o' me)
On ev'ry hand it will allow'd be,
He 's just—nae better than he should be.

I readily and freely grant,
He downa see a poor man want;
What 's no his ain he winna tak it,
What ance he says he winna break it;
Ought he can lend he'll no refus 't,
'Till aft his guidness is abus'd:
And rascals whyles that do him wrang,
Ev'n *that*, he does na mind it lang:
As master, landlord, husband, father,
He does na fail his part in either.

But then, nae thanks to him for a' that;
Nae *godly symptom* ye can ca' that;
It naething but a milder feature,
Of our poor, sinfu' corrupt nature:
Ye 'll get the best o' moral works,
'Mang black Gentoos and pagan Turks,

Or hunters wild on *Ponotaxi*,
Wha never heard of orthodoxy.
That he 's the poor man's friend in need,
The *gentleman* in word and deed,
Its no thro' terror of d-mn-ti-n ;
Its just a carnal inclination.

Morality, thou deadly bane,
Thy tens o' thousands thou hast slain !
Vain is his hope, whose stay and trust is
In *moral* mercy, truth, and justice !

No—stretch a point to catch a plack ;
Abuse a brother to his back ;
Steal thro' a *winnock* fra a wh-re,
But point the rake that taks the door ;
Be to the poor like onie whunstane,
And haud their noses to the grunstane,
Ply ev'ry art o' *legal* thieving ;
No matter, stick to *sound believing*.

Learn three-mile pray'rs, an' half-mile graces,
Wi' weel-spread looves, an' lang, wry faces ;
Grunt up a solemn, lengthen'd groan,
And damn a' parties but your own ;
I'll warrant then, ye're nae deceiver,
A steady, sturdy, staunch believer.

O ye wha leave the springs of *C-lv-n*,
For *gumlie dubs* of your ain delvin!
Ye sons of heresy and error,
Ye'll some day squeel in quaking terror!
When vengeance draws the sword in wrath,
And in the fire throws the sheath;
When ruin, with his sweeping *besom*,
Just frets 'till heav'n commission gies him:
While o'er the *harp* pale mis'ry moans,
And strikes the ever-deep'ning tones,
Still louder shrieks, and heavier groans!

Your pardon, Sir, for this digression,
I maist forgat my *dedication;*
But when divinity comes cross me,
My readers still are sure to lose me.

So, Sir, ye see 'twas nae daft vapour,
But I maturely thought it proper,
When a' my works I did review,
To dedicate them, Sir, to *You:*
Because (ye need na tak it ill)
I thought them something like yoursel.

Then patronise them wi' your favour,
And your petitioner shall ever——

*

I had amaist said, *ever pray*,
But that 's a word I need na say:
For prayin I hae little skill o't;
I'm baith dead-sweer, an' wretched ill o't;
But I'se repeat each poor man's *pray'r*,
That kens or hears about you, Sir—

'May ne'er misfortune's gowling bark,
'Howl thro' the dwelling o' the *Clerk!*
'May ne'er his gen'rous, honest heart,
'For that same gen'rous spirit smart!
'May K******'s far-honour'd name
'Lang beet his hymeneal flame,
'Till H*******s, at least a dizen,
'Are frae their nuptial labours risen:
'Five bonnie lasses round their table,
'And seven braw fellows, stout an' able
'To serve their king and country weel,
'By word, or pen, or pointed steel!
'May health and peace, with mutual rays,
'Shine on the evening o' his days;
'Till his wee curlie *John*'s ier-oe,
'When ebbing life nae mair shall flow,
'The last, sad, mournful rites bestow.'

I will not wind a lang conclusion,
Wi' complimentary effusion,
But whilst your wishes and endeavours
Are blest with fortune's smiles and favours,
I am, dear Sir, with zeal most fervent,
Your much indebted, humble servant.

But if (which pow'rs above prevent!)
That iron-hearted carl, *Want*,
Attended in his grim advances,
By sad mistakes, and black mischances,
While hopes, and joys, and pleasures fly him,
Make you as poor a dog as I am,
Your *humble servant* then no more;
For who would humbly serve the poor!
But by a poor man's hopes in Heav'n!
While recollection's pow'r is given,
If, in the vale of humble life,
The victim sad of fortune's strife,
I, thro' the tender gushing tear,
Should recognize my *master dear*,
If friendless, low, we meet together,
Then, Sir, your hand—my *friend* and *brother!*

## *TO A LOUSE,*

ON SEEING ONE ON A LADY'S BONNET, AT CHURCH.

HA! whare ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie!
Your impudence protects you sairly:
I canna say but ye strunt rarely,
Owre gauze and lace;
Tho' faith, I fear ye dine but sparely
On sic a place.

Ye ugly, creepin, blastit wonner,
Detested, shunn'd by saunt an' sinner,
How dare ye set your fit upon her,
Sae fine a lady!
Gae somewhere else and seek your dinner
On some poor body.

Swith, in some beggar's haffet squattle;
There ye may creep, and sprawl, and sprattle
Wi' ither kindred, jumpin cattle,
In shoals and nations;
Whare *horn* nor *bane* ne'er dare unsettle
Your thick plantations.

Now haud you there, ye're out o' sight,
Below the fatt'rils, snug an' tight;
Na, faith ye yet! ye'll no be right
'Till ye've got on it,
The vera tapmost, tow'ring height
O' *Miss's bonnet.*

My sooth! right bauld ye set your nose out,
As plump and gray as onie grozet;
O for some rank, mercurial rozet,
Or fell, red smeddum,
I'd gie you sic a hearty doze o't,
Wad dress your droddum!

I wad na been surpris'd to spy
You on an auld wife's flainen toy;
Or aiblins some bit duddie boy,
On's wyliecoat;
But Miss's fine *Lunardi!* fie,
How dare ye do't!

O *Jenny*, dinna toss your head,
An' set your beauties a' abread!
Ye little ken what cursed speed
The blastie's makin!
Thae *winks* and *finger-ends*, I dread,
Are notice takin!

O, wad some pow'r the giftie gie us
*To see oursels as others see us!*
It wad frae monie a blunder free us
And foolish notion:
What airs in dress an' gait wad lea'e us,
And ev'n Devotion!

## *ADDRESS TO EDINBURGH.*

I.

EDINA! *Scotia*'s darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

II.

Here wealth still swells the golden tide,
As busy trade his labours plies;
There architecture's noble pride
Bids elegance and splendor rise;
Here justice, from her native skies,
High wields her balance and her rod;
There learning, with his eagle eyes,
Seeks science in her coy abode.

III.

Thy Sons, EDINA, social, kind,
With open arms the stranger hail;
Their views enlarg'd, their lib'ral mind,
Above the narrow, rural vale;
Attentive still to sorrow's wail,
Or modest merit's silent claim;
And never may their sources fail!
And never envy blot their name!

IV.

Thy daughters bright thy walks adorn!
Gay as the gilded summer sky,
Sweet as the dewy milk-white thorn,
Dear as the raptur'd thrill of joy!
Fair B—— strikes th' adoring eye,
Heav'n's beauties on my fancy shine;
I see the *sire of love on high*,
And own his work indeed divine!

V.

There, watching high the least alarms,
Thy rough rude fortress gleams afar;
Like some bold vet'ran, gray in arms,
And mark'd with many a seamy scar,
The pond'rous wall and massy bar,
Grim-rising o'er the rugged rock:
Have oft withstood assailing war,
And oft repell'd the invader's shock.

VI.

With awe-struck thought, and pitying tears,
I view that noble, stately dome,
Where *Scotia*'s kings of other years
Fam'd heroes, had their royal home:
Alas, how chang'd the times to come!
Their royal name low in the dust!
Their hapless race wild-wand'ring roam!
Tho' rigid law cries out, 'twas just!

VII.

Wild beats my heart to trace your steps,
Whose ancestors, in days of yore,
Thro' hostile ranks and ruin'd gaps
Old *Scotia*'s bloody lion bore:
Ev'n *I* who sing in rustic lore,
Haply *my sires* have left their shed,
And fac'd grim danger's loudest roar,
Bold-following where *your* fathers led!

VIII.

EDINA! *Scotia*'s darling seat!
All hail thy palaces and tow'rs,
Where once beneath a monarch's feet
Sat legislation's sov'reign pow'rs!
From marking wildly-scatter'd flow'rs,
As on the banks of *Ayr* I stray'd,
And singing, lone, the ling'ring hours,
I shelter in thy honour'd shade.

## *EPISTLE TO J. LAPRAIK,*

### AN OLD SCOTTISH BARD.

April 1st, 1785.

WHILE briers an' woodbines budding green,
An' paitrick's scraichin loud at e'en,
An' morning poussie whiddin seen,
Inspire my muse,
This freedom in an *unknown* frien'
I pray excuse.

On fasten-een we had a rockin,
To ca' the crack and weave our stockin;
And there was muckle fun and jokin,
Ye need na doubt;
At length we had a hearty yokin
At *sang about*.

There was ae *sang*, amang the rest,
Aboon them a' it pleas'd me best,
That some kind husband had addrest
To some sweet wife:
It thirl'd the heartstrings thro' the breast,
A' to the life.

I've scarce heard ought describes sae weel,
What gen'rous, manly bosoms feel;
Thought I, 'Can this be Pope, or Steele,
'Or Beattie's wark!'
They tald me 'twas an odd kind chiel
About *Muirkirk*.

It pat me fidgin-fain to hear't,
And sae about him there I spier't,
Then a' that ken't him round declar'd
He had *ingine*,
That nane excell'd it, few cam near't,
It was sae fine.

That set him to a pint of ale,
An' either douce or merry tale,
Or rhymes an' sangs he'd made himsel,
Or witty catches,
'Tween Inverness and Tiviotdale,
He had few matches.

Then up I gat, an' swoor an aith,
Tho' I should pawn my pleugh and graith,
Or die a cadger pownie's death,
At some dyke-back,
A pint an' gill I'd gie them baith
To hear your crack.

But, first an' foremost, I should tell,
Amaist as soon as I could spell,
I to the *crambo-jingle* fell,
Tho' rude an' rough,
Yet crooning to a body's sel,
Does weel eneugh.

I am nae *poet*, in a sense,
But just a *rhymer*, like, by chance,
An' hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet, what the matter?
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I jingle at her.

Your critic-folk may cock their nose,
And say, 'How can you e're propose,
'You wha ken hardly *verse* frae *prose*,
'To mak a *sang*?'
But, by your leaves, my learned foes,
Ye're may be wrang.

What's a' your jargon o' your schools,
Your Latin names for horns an' stools;
If honest nature made you *fools*,
What sairs your grammars?
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or knappin-hammers.

A set o' dull, conceited hashes,
Confuse their brains in college classes!
They *gang in* stirks, and *come out* asses,
Plain truth to speak;
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus
By dint o' Greek!

Gie me ae spark o' Nature's fire,
That's a' the learning I desire;
Then though I drudge thro' dub an' mire
At pleugh or cart,
My muse, though hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

O for a spunk o' *Allan*'s glee,
Or *Ferguson*'s, the bauld and slee,
Or bright *Lapraik*'s, my friend to be,
If I can hit it!
That would be lear eneugh for me,
If I could get it.

Now, Sir, if ye hae friends enow,
Tho' real friends, I b'lieve are few,
Yet, if your catalogue be fou,
I'se no insist,
But gif ye want ae friend that 's true,
I'm on your list.

I winna blaw about mysel;
As ill I like my fauts to tell;
But friends and folk that wish me well,
They sometimes roose me,
Tho' I maun own, as monie still
As far abuse me.

There's ae *wee faut* they whiles lay to me,
I like the lasses—Gude forgie me!
For monie a plack they wheedle frae me,
At dance or fair;
May be some *ither thing* they gie me
They weel can spare.

But *Mauchline* race, or *Mauchline* fair,
I should be proud to meet you there;
We'se gie ae night's discharge to care,
If we forgather,
An' hae a swap o' *rhymin-ware*
Wi' ane anither.

The four-gill chap, we'se gar him clatter,
An' kirsen him wi' reekin water;
Syne we'll sit down an' tak our whitter,
To cheer our heart;
An' faith, we'se be acquainted better
Before we part.

Awa, ye selfish warly race,
Wha think that havins, sense, an' grace,
Ev'n love an' friendship, should give place
To *catch-the-plack!*
I dinna like to see your face,
Nor hear your crack.

But ye whom social pleasure charms,
Whose hearts the tide of kindness warms,
Who hold your *being* on the terms,
'Each aid the others,'
Come to my bowl, come to my arms,
My friends, my brothers!

But, to conclude my lang epistle,
As my auld pen's worn to the grissle;
Twa lines frae you wad gar me fissle,
Who am, most fervent,
While I can either sing, or whissle,
Your friend and servant.

## *TO THE SAME.*

April 21st, 1785.

WHILE new-ca'd kye rout at the stake,
An' pownies reek in pleugh or braik,
This hour on e'enin's edge I take,
To own I'm debtor
To honest-hearted, auld *Lapraik*,
For his kind letter.

Forjesket sair, with weary legs,
Rattlin the corn out-owre the rigs,
Or dealing thro' amang the naigs
Their ten hours bite,
My awkart muse sair pleads and begs,
I would na write.

The tapetless ramfeezl'd hizzie,
She 's saft at best, and something lazy,
Quo' she, 'Ye ken, we've been sae busy,
'This month an' mair,
'That trouth my head is grown right dizzie,
'An' something sair.'

Her dowff excuses pat me mad;
'Conscience,' says I, 'ye thowless jad!
'I'll write, an' that a hearty blaud,
'This vera night;
'So dinna ye affront your trade,
'But rhyme it right.

'Shall bauld *Lapraik*, the king o' hearts,
'Tho' mankind were a pack o' cartes,
'Roose you sae weel for your deserts,
'In terms sae friendly,
'Yet ye'll neglect to shaw your parts,
'An' thank him kindly!'

Sae I gat paper in a blink,
An' down gaed *stumpie* in the ink:
Quoth I, 'Before I sleep a wink,
'I vow I'll close it;
'An' if ye winna mak it clink,
'By Jove I'll prose it!'

Sae I've begun to scrawl, but whether
In rhyme, or prose, or baith thegither,
Or some hotch-potch that's rightly neither,
Let time mak proof;
But I shall scribble down some blether
Just clean aff-loof.

My worthy friend, ne'er grudge an' carp,
Tho' fortune use you hard an' sharp;
Come, kittle up your *moorland-harp*
Wi' gleesome touch!
Ne'er mind how fortune *waft* an' *warp:*
She 's but a b-tch.

She 's gien me monie a jirt an' fleg,
Sin I could striddle owre a rig;
But, by the L—d, tho' I should beg
Wi' lyart pow,
I'll laugh, an' sing, an' shake my leg,
As lang 's I dow!

Now comes the sax an' twentieth simmer
I've seen the bud upo' the timmer,
Still persecuted by the limmer
Frae year to year;
But yet, despite the kittle kimmer,
*I, Rob, am here.*

Do ye envy the city *Gent*,
Behint a kist to lie and sklent,
Or purse-proud, big wi' cent. per cent.
And muckle wame,
In some bit brugh to represent
A *Bailie*'s name?

Or is 't the paughty, feudal Thane,
Wi' rufflf'd sark an' glancing cane,
Wha thinks himsel nae sheep-shank bane,
But lordly stalks,
While caps and bonnets aff are taen,
As by he walks?

'O *Thou* wha gies us each guid gift!
'Gie me o' wit an' sense a lift,
'Then turn me, if *Thou* please, adrift,
'Thro' Scotland wide;
'Wi' cits nor lairds I wadna shift,
'In a' their pride!'

Were this the *charter* of our state,
'On pain o' hell be rich an' great,'
Damnation then would be our fate,
Beyond remead;
But, thanks to Heav'n, that 's no the gate
We learn our creed.

For thus the royal mandate ran,
When first the human race began,
'The social, friendly, honest man,
'Whate'er he be,
'Tis he fulfils *great Nature's plan*,
'An' none but *he!*'

O mandate glorious and divine!
The followers of the ragged Nine,
Poor, thoughtless devils! yet may shine
In glorious light,
While sordid sons of Mammon's line
Are dark as night.

Tho' here they scrape, an' squeeze, an' growl,
Their worthless nievefu' of a soul
May in some future carcase howl
The forest's fright;
Or in some day-detesting owl
May shun the light.

Then may *Lapraik* and *Burns* arise,
To reach their native, kindred skies,
And *sing* their pleasures, hopes, an' joys,
In some mild sphere,
Still closer knit in friendship's ties
Each passing year!

## *TO W. S*****N,*

OCHILTREE.

May, 1785.

I GAT your letter, winsome *Willie;*
Wi' gratefu' heart I thank you brawlie;
Tho' I maun say't, I wad be silly,
An' unco vain,
Should I believe, my coaxin billie,
Your flatterin strain.

But I'se believe ye kindly meant it,
I sud be laith to think ye hinted
Ironic satire, sidelens sklented
On my poor Musie;
Tho' in sic phraisin terms ye've penn'd it,
I scarce excuse ye.

My senses wad be in a creel,
Should I but dare a *hope* to speel,
Wi' *Allen*, or wi' *Gilbertfield*,
The braes o' fame;
Or *Ferguson*, the writer-chiel,
A deathless name.

(O *Ferguson!* thy glorious parts
Ill suited law's dry, musty arts!
My curse upon your whunstane hearts,
Ye Enbrugh Gentry!
The tythe o' what ye waste at cartes
Wad stow'd his pantry!)

Yet when a tale comes i' my head,
Or lasses gie my heart a screed,
As whiles they're like to be my deed,
(O sad disease!)
I kittle up my *rustic reed;*
It gies me ease.

Auld *Coila* now may fidge fu' fain,
She's gotten Poets o' her ain,
Chiels wha their chanters winna hain,
But tune their lays
Till echoes a' resound again
Her weel-sung praise.

Nae poet thought her worth his while,
To set her name in measur'd stile;
She lay like some unken'd-of isle
Beside *New-Holland,*
Or whare wild-meeting oceans boil
Besouth *Magellan.*

*Ramsay* an' famous *Ferguson*
Gied *Forth* an' *Tay* a lift aboon;
*Yarrow* an' *Tweed*, to monie a tune,
Owre Scotland rings,
While *Irwin*, *Lugar*, *Ayr*, an' *Doon*,
Nae body sings.

Th' *Illissus*, *Tiber*, *Thames*, an' *Seine*,
Glide sweet in monie a tunefu' line!
But, *Willie*, set your fit to mine,
An' cock your crest,
We'll gar our streams an' burnie's shine
Up wi' the best.

We'll sing auld *Coila*'s plains an' fells,
Her moors red-brown wi' heather bells,
Her banks an' braes, her dens and dells,
Where glorious *Wallace*
Aft bure the gree, as story tells,
Frae southron billies.

At *Wallace*' name what Scottish blood
But boils up in a spring-tide flood!
Oft have our fearless fathers strode
By *Wallace*' side,
Still pressing onward, red-wat shod,
Or glorious dy'd.

O, sweet are *Coila*'s haughs an' woods,
When lintwhites chant amang the buds,
And jinkin hares, in amorous whids,
Their loves enjoy,
While thro' the braes the cushat croods
With wailfu' cry!

Ev'n winter bleak has charms to me
When winds rave thro' the naked tree;
Or frosts on hills of *Ochiltree*
Are hoary gray;
Or blinding drifts wild-furious flee,
Dark'ning the day!

O *Nature!* a' thy shews an' forms
To feeling, pensive hearts hae charms!
Whether the summer kindly warms,
Wi' life an' light,
Or winter howls, in gusty storms,
The lang, dark night!

The muse, nae poet ever fand her,
'Till by himsel he learn'd to wander,
Adown some trotting burn's meander,
An' no think lang;
O sweet, to stray an' pensive ponder
A heart-felt sang!

The warly race may drudge an' drive,
Hog-shouther, jundie, stretch an' strive,
Let me fair *Nature's* face descrive,
And I, wi' pleasure,
Shall let the busy, grumbling hive
Bum owre their treasure.

Fareweel, 'my rhyme-composing brither!'
We've been owre lang unkenn'd to ither:
Now let us lay our heads thegither,
In love fraternal:
May *Envy* wallop in a tether,
Black fiend, infernal!

While highlandmen hate tolls an' taxes;
While moorlan' herds like guid fat braxies:
While terra firma, on her axis
Diurnal turns,
Count on a friend, in faith an' practice,
In *Robert Burns*.

## *POSTSCRIPT.*

MY memory's no worth a preen;
I had amaist forgotten clean,
Ye bade me write you what they mean
By this *new-light* *,
'Bout which our *herds* sae aft hae been
Maist like to fight.

In days when mankind were but callans
At *grammar*, *logic*, an' sic talents,
They took nae pains their speech to balance,
Or rules to gie,
But spak their thoughts in plain, braid lallans,
Like you or me.

In thae auld times, they thought the *moon*,
Just like a sark, or pair o' shoon,
Wore by degrees, 'till her last roon,
Gaed past their viewing,
An' shortly after she was done,
They gat a new one.

* See note, Vol. I. p. 74.

This past for certain, undisputed;
It ne'er cam i' their heads to doubt it,
'Till chiels gat up an' wad confute it,
An' ca'd it wrang;
An' muckle din there was about it,
Baith loud an' lang.

Some *herds*, weel learn'd upo' the beuk,
Wad threap auld folk the thing misteuk;
For 'twas the *auld moon* turn'd a neuk,
An' out o' sight,
An' backlins-comin, to the leuk,
She grew mair bright.

This was deny'd, it was affirm'd;
The *herds* an' *hissels* were alarm'd:
The rev'rend gray-beards rav'd an' storm'd,
That beardless laddies
Should think they better were inform'd
Than their auld daddies.

Frae less to mair it gaed to sticks;
Frae words an' aiths to clours an' nicks;
An' monie a fallow gat his licks,
Wi' hearty crunt;
An' some, to learn them for their tricks,
Were hang'd an' brunt.

This game was play'd in monie lands,
An' *auld light* caddies bure sic hands,
That faith, the youngsters took the sands
Wi' nimble shanks,
'Till lairds forbade, by strict commands,
Sic bluidy pranks.

But *new-light herds* gat sic a cowe,
Folk thought them ruin'd stick-and-stowe,
'Till now amaist on ev'ry knowe,
Ye'll find ane plac'd;
An' some, their *new-light* fair avow,
Just quite barefac'd.

Nae doubt the *auld-light flocks* are bleatin;
Their zealous *herds* are vex'd an' sweatin;
Mysel, I've even seen them greetin
Wi' girnin spite,
To hear the *moon* sae sadly lie'd on
By word an' write.

But shortly they will cowe the louns!
Some *auld-light herds* in neebor towns
Are mind 't, in things they ca' *balloons*,
To tak a flight,
An' stay ae month amang the *moons*
An' see them right.

Guid observation they will gie them;
An' when the *auld moon* 's gaun to lea'e them,
The hindmost shaird, they 'll fetch it wi' them,
Just i' their pouch,
An' when the *new-light* billies see them,
I think they 'll crouch!

Sae, ye observe that a' this clatter
Is naething but a 'moonshine matter;'
But tho' dull prose-folk latin splatter
In logic tulzie,
I hope, we bardies ken some better
Than mind sic brulzie.

## *EPISTLE TO J. R******,*

### INCLOSING SOME POEMS.

O ROUGH, rude, ready-witted R******,
The wale o' cocks for fun and drinkin!
There's monie godly folks are thinkin,
Your *dreams** an' tricks
Will send you, Korah-like, a-sinkin,
Straught to auld Nick's.

Ye hae sae monie cracks an' cants,
And in your wicked, drucken rants,
Ye mak a devil o' the saunts,
An' fill them fou;
And then their failings, flaws, an' wants,
Are a' seen thro'.

* A certain humorous *dream* of his was then making a noise in the country-side.

Hypocrisy, in mercy spare it!
That holy robe, O dinna tear it!
Spare 't for their sakes wha aften wear it,
The lads in *black*;
But your curst wit, when it comes near it,
Rives 't aff their back.

Think, wicked sinner, wha ye're skaithing,
Its just the *blue-gown* badge an' claithing
O' saunts; tak that, ye lea'e them naithing
To ken them by,
Frae ony unregenerate heathen
Like you or I.

I've sent you here some rhyming ware,
A' that I bargain'd for an' mair;
Sae, when ye hae an hour to spare,
I will expect,
Yon *sang**, ye'll sen't wi' cannie care,
And no neglect.

Tho' faith, sma' heart hae I to sing!
My muse dow scarcely spread her wing!
I've play'd mysel a bonnie spring,
An' danc'd my fill!
I'd better gaen an' saird the king,
At *Bunker's Hill*,

* A *song* he had promis'd the author.

'Twas ae night lately in my fun,
I gaed a roving wi' the gun,
An' brought a *patrick* to the grun,
A bonnie hen,
An' as the twilight was begun,
Thought nane wad ken.

The poor wee thing was little hurt;
I straikit it a wee for sport,
Ne'er thinkin they wad fash me for 't;
But, deil-ma-care!
Somebody tells the *poacher-court*
The hale affair.

Some auld us'd hands had ta'en a note,
That sic a hen had got a shot;
I was suspected for the plot;
I scorn'd to lie;
So gat the whissle o' my groat,
An' pay 't the *fee*.

But, by my gun, o' guns the wale,
An' by my pouther an' my hail,
An' by my hen, an' by her tail,
I vow an' swear!
The *game* shall pay o'er moor an' dale,
For this, niest year.

As soon's the clockin-time is by,
An' the wee pouts begun to cry,
L—d, I'se hae sportin by an' by,
For my gowd guinea:
Tho' I should herd the *buckskin* kye
For 't, in Virginia.

Trowth, they had muckle for to blame!
'Twas neither broken wing nor limb,
But twa-three draps about the wame
Scarce thro' the feathers;
An' baith a yellow George to claim,
An' thole their blethers!

It pits me ay as mad 's a hare;
So I can rhyme nor write nae mair;
But *pennyworths* again is fair,
When time 's expedient:
Meanwhile I am, respected Sir,
Your most obedient.

# *JOHN BARLEYCORN**,

## A BALLAD.

I.

THERE was three kings into the east,
Three kings both great and high,
An' they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn should die.

II.

They took a plough and plough'd him down,
Put clods upon his head,
And they hae sworn a solemn oath
John Barleycorn was dead.

III.

But the chearful spring came kindly on,
And show'rs began to fall;
John Barleycorn got up again,
And sore surpris'd them all.

* This is partly composed on the plan of an old song known by the same name.

IV.

The sultry suns of summer came,
And he grew thick and strong,
His head weel arm'd wi' pointed spears,
That no one should him wrong.

V.

The sober autumn enter'd mild,
When he grew wan and pale;
His bending joints and drooping head
Show'd he began to fail.

VI.

His colour sicken'd more and more,
He faded into age;
And then his enemies began
To shew their deadly rage.

VII.

They 've taen a weapon, long and sharp,
And cut him by the knee;
Then ty'd him fast upon a cart,
Like a rogue for forgerie.

VIII.

They laid him down upon his back,
And cudgell'd him full sore;
They hung him up before the storm,
And turn'd him o'er and o'er.

IX.

They filled up a darksome pit
With water to the brim,
They heaved in John Barleycorn,
There let him sink or swim.

X.

They laid him out upon the floor,
To work him farther woe,
And still, as signs of life appear'd,
They toss'd him to and fro.

XI.

They wasted, o'er a scorching flame,
The marrow of his bones;
But a miller us'd him worst of all,
For he crush'd him between two stones.

XII.

And they hae taen his very heart's blood,
And drank it round and round;
And still the more and more they drank,
Their joy did more abound.

XIII.

John Barleycorn was a hero bold,
Of noble enterprise,
For if you do but taste his blood,
'Twill make your courage rise.

XIV.

'Twill make a man forget his woe;
'Twill heighten all his joy:
'Twill make the widow's heart to sing,
Tho' the tear were in her eye.

XV.

Then let us toast John Barleycorn,
Each man a glass in hand;
And may his great posterity
Ne'er fail in old Scotland!

## *A FRAGMENT.*

Tune, 'GILLICRANKIE.'

I.

When *Guilford* good our pilot stood,
And did our hellim thraw, man,
Ae night, at tea, began a plea,
Within *America*, man:
Then up they gat the maskin-pat,
And in the sea did jaw, man;
An' did nae less, in full congress,
Than quite refuse our law, man.

II.

Then thro' the lakes *Montgomery* takes,
I wat he was na slaw, man;
Down *Lowrie's burn* he took a turn,
And *Carleton* did ca', man:
But yet, what reck, he, at *Quebec*,
Montgomery-like did fa', man,
Wi' sword in hand, before his band,
Amang his en'mies a', man.

III.

Poor *Tammy Gage* within a cage
Was kept at *Boston ha'*, man;
'Till *Willie Howe* took o'er the knowe
For *Philadelphia*, man:
Wi' sword an' gun he thought a sin
Guid christian blood to draw, man;
But at *New-York*, wi' knife an' fork,
Sir-loin he hacked sma', man.

IV.

*Burgoyne* gaed up, like spur an' whip,
'Till *Fraser* brave did fa', man;
Then lost his way, ae misty day,
In *Saratoga* shaw, man.
*Cornwallis* fought as lang 's he dought,
An' did the buckskins claw, man;
But *Clinton*'s glaive frae rust to save
He hung it to the wa', man.

V.

Then *Montague*, an' *Guilford* too,
Began to fear a fa, man;
And *Sackville* doure, wha stood the stoure,
The German chief to thraw, man:
For Paddy *Burke*, like ony Turk,
Nae mercy had at a', man;
An' *Charlie Fox* threw by the box,
An' lows'd his tinkler jaw, man.

VI.

Then *Rockingham* took up the game;
Till death did on him ca', man;
When *Shelburne* meek held up his cheek,
Conform to gospel law, man:
Saint Stephen's boys, wi' jarring noise,
They did his measures thraw, man,
For *North* an' *Fox* united stocks,
An' bore him to the wa', man.

VII.

Then clubs an' hearts were *Charlie*'s cartes,
He swept the stakes awa', man,
'Till the diamond's ace, of *Indian* race
Led him a sair *faux pas*, man:
The Saxon lads, wi' loud placads,
On *Chatham's boy* did ca', man;
An' Scotland drew her pipe an' blew,
'Up, Willie, waur them a', man!'

VIII.

Behind the throne then *Grenville* 's gone,
A secret word or twa, man;
While slee *Dundas* arous'd the class
Be-north the Roman wa', man:
An' *Chatham*'s wraith, in heavenly graith,
(Inspired bardies saw, man)
Wi' kindling eyes cry'd, '*Willie*, rise!
'Would I hae fear'd them a', man!'

IX.

But, word an' blow, *North*, *Fox*, *and Co*,
Gowff'd *Willie* like a ba', man,
'Till *Suthron* raise, and coost their claise
Behind him in a raw, man,
An' *Caledon* threw by the drone,
An' did her whittle draw, man:
An' swoor fu' rude, thro' dirt an' blood
To make it guid in law, man.

* * * * * * *

## *SONG.*

Tune, 'CORN RIGS ARE BONNIE.'

I.

IT was upon a Lammas night,
When corn rigs are bonnie,
Beneath the moon's unclouded light,
I held awa to Annie:
The time flew by wi' tentless heed,
'Till 'tween the late and early;
Wi' sma' persuasion she agreed,
To see me thro' the barley.

II.

The sky was blue, the wind was still,
The moon was shining clearly;
I set her down, wi' right good will,
Amang the rigs o' barley:
I ken't her heart was a' my ain;
I lov'd her most sincerely;
I kiss'd her owre and owre again
Amang the rigs o' barley.

III.

I lock'd her in my fond embrace;
Her heart was beating rarely:
My blessings on that happy place,
Amang the rigs o' barley!
But by the moon and stars so bright,
That shone that hour so clearly!
She ay shall bless that happy night,
Amang the rigs o' barley.

IV.

I hae been blythe wi' comrades dear;
I hae been merry drinkin;
I hae been joyfu' gath'rin gear;
I hae been happy thinking:
But a' the pleasures e'er I saw,
Tho' three times doubl'd fairly,
That happy night was worth them a',
Amang the rigs o' barley.

CHORUS.

*Corn rigs, an' barley rigs,*
*An' corn rigs are bonnie:*
*I'll ne'er forget that happy night,*
*Amang the rigs wi' Annie.*

## *S O N G,*

COMPOSED IN AUGUST.

Tune, 'I HAD A HORSE, I HAD NAE MAIR.'

I.

NOW westlin winds, and slaught'ring guns
Bring autumn's pleasant weather;
The moorcock springs, on whirring wings,
Amang the blooming heather:
Now waving grain, wide o'er the plain,
Delights the weary farmer;
And the moon shines bright, when I rove at night,
To muse upon my charmer.

II.

The partridge loves the fruitful fells;
The plover loves the mountains;
The woodcock haunts the lonely dells;
The soaring hern the fountains:
Thro' lofty groves the cushat roves
The path of man to shun it;
The hazel bush o'erhangs the thrush,
The spreading thorn the linnet.

III.

Thus ev'ry kind their pleasure find,
The savage and the tender;
Some social-join, and leagues combine;
Some solitary wander:
Avaunt, away! the cruel sway,
Tyrannic man's dominion;
The sportsman's joy, the murd'ring cry,
The flutt'ring, gory pinion!

IV.

But *Peggy* dear, the ev'ning 's clear,
Thick flies the skimming swallow;
The sky is blue, the fields in view,
All fading-green and yellow:
Come let us stray our gladsome way,
And view the charms of nature;
The rustling corn, the fruited thorn,
And ev'ry happy creature.

V.

We'll gently walk, and sweetly talk,
'Till the silent moon shine clearly;
I'll grasp thy waist, and, fondly prest,
Swear how I love thee dearly:
Not vernal show'rs to budding flow'rs,
Not autumn to the farmer,
So dear can be as thou to me,
My fair, my lovely charmer!

## SONG.

Tune, 'My Nanie, O.'

I.

BEHIND yon hills where Lugar* flows,
'Mang moors an' mosses many, O,
The wintry sun the day has clos'd,
And I'll awa to Nanie, O.

II.

The westlin wind blaws loud an' shill;
The night 's baith mirk and rainy, O;
But I'll get my plaid, an' out I'll steal,
An' owre the hills to Nanie, O.

III.

My Nanie 's charming, sweet an' young;
Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O:
May ill befa' the flattering tongue
That wad beguile my Nanie, O.

* Originally, Stinchar.

IV.

Her face is fair, her heart is true,
As spotless as she 's bonnie, O;
The op'ning gowan, wet wi' dew,
Nae purer is than Nanie, O.

V.

A country lad is my degree,
An' few there be that ken me, O;
But what care I how few they be,
I'm welcome ay to Nanie, O.

VI.

My riches a's my penny-fee,
An' I maun guide it cannie, O;
But warl's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thoughts are a', my Nanie, O.

VII.

Our auld Guidman delights to view
His sheep an' kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blythe that hauds his pleugh,
An' has nae care but Nanie, O.

VIII.

Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will sen' me, O;
Nae ither care in life have I,
But live, an' love my Nanie, O.

## *GREEN GROW THE RASHES.*

A FRAGMENT.

CHORUS.

*Green grow the rashes, O;*
*Green grow the rashes, O;*
*The sweetest hours that e'er I spent,*
*Are spent amang the lasses, O.*

I.

THERE 'S nought but care on ev'ry han'
In ev'ry hour that passes, O:
What signifies the life o' man,
An' 'twere na for the lasses, O.
*Green grow*, &c.

II.

The warly race may riches chace,
An' riches still may fly them, O;
An' tho' at last they catch them fast,
Their hearts can ne'er enjoy them, O.
*Green grow*, &c.

III.

But gie me a canny hour at e'en,
My arms about my dearie, O;
An' warly cares, an' warly men,
May a' gae tapsalteerie, O!

*Green grow*, &c.

IV.

For you sae douse, ye sneer at this,
Ye're nought but senseless asses, O:
The wisest man the warl' e'er saw,
He dearly lov'd the lasses, O.

*Green grow*, &c.

V.

Auld nature swears, the lovely dears
Her noblest work she classes, O:
Her prentice han' she try'd on man,
An' then she made the lasses, O.

*Green grow*, &c.

* * * * * * *

## SONG.

Tune, 'JOCKEY'S GREY BREEKS.'

I.

AGAIN rejoicing nature sees
Her robe assume its vernal hues,
Her leafy locks wave in the breeze
All freshly steep'd in morning dews.

CHORUS *.

*And maun I still on Menie† doat,*
*And bear the scorn that 's in her e'e!*
*For it 's jet, jet black, an' it 's like a hawk,*
*An' it winna let a body be!*

II.

In vain to me the cowslips blaw,
In vain to me the vi'lets spring;
In vain to me, in glen or shaw,
The mavis and the lintwhite sing.
*And maun I still, &c.*

* This chorus is part of a song composed by a gentleman in Edinburgh, a particular friend of the author's.

† *Menie* is the common abbreviation of *Mariamne*.

III.

The merry ploughboy cheers his team,
Wi' joy the tentie seedsman stalks,
But life to me's a weary dream,
A dream of ane that never wauks.
*And maun I still*, &c.

IV.

The wanton coot the water skims,
Amang the reeds the ducklings cry,
The stately swan majestic swims,
And every thing is blest but I.
*And maun I still*, &c.

V.

The sheep-herd steeks his faulding slap,
And owre the moorlands whistles shill,
Wi' wild, unequal, wand'ring step
I meet him on the dewy hill.
*And maun I still*, &c.

VI.

And when the lark, 'tween light and dark,
Blythe waukens by the daisy's side,
And mounts and sings on flittering wings,
A woe-worn ghaist I hameward glide.
*And maun I still*, &c.

VII.

Come winter, with thine angry howl,
And raging bend the naked tree;
Thy gloom will soothe my chearless soul,
When nature all is sad like me!

CHORUS.

*And maun I still on Menie doat,*
*And bear the scorn that's in her e'e!*
*For it's jet, jet black, an' it's like a hawk,*
*An' it winna let a body be**.

* We cannot presume to alter any of the poems of our bard, and more especially those printed under his own direction; yet it is to be regretted that this chorus, which is not of his own composition, should be attached to these fine stanzas, as it perpetually interrupts the train of sentiment which they excite.

F.

## *SONG.*

Tune, 'ROSLIN CASTLE.'

I.

THE gloomy night is gath'ring fast,
Loud roars the wild inconstant blast,
Yon murky cloud is foul with rain,
I see it driving o'er the plain;
The hunter now has left the moor,
The scatter'd coveys meet secure,
While here I wander, prest with care,
Along the lonely banks of *Ayr*.

II.

The autumn mourns her rip'ning corn
By early winter's ravage torn;
Across her placid, azure sky,
She sees the scowling tempest fly:
Chill runs my blood to hear it rave,
I think upon the stormy wave,
Where many a danger I must dare,
Far from the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

III.

'Tis not the surging billow's roar,
'Tis not that fatal deadly shore;
Tho' death in ev'ry shape appear,
The wretched have no more to fear:
But round my heart the ties are bound,
That heart transpierc'd with many a wound;
These bleed afresh, those ties I tear,
To leave the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

IV.

Farewell old *Coila*'s hills and dales,
Her heathy moors and winding vales;
The scenes where wretched fancy roves,
Pursuing past, unhappy loves!
Farewell, my friends! Farewell, my foes!
My peace with these, my love with those—
The bursting tears my heart declare,
Farewell the bonnie banks of *Ayr*.

## SONG.

Tune, 'GILDEROY.'

I.

FROM thee, *Eliza*, I must go,
And from my native shore;
The cruel fates between us throw
A boundless ocean's roar:
But boundless oceans, roaring wide,
Between my love and me,
They never, never can divide
My heart and soul from thee;

II.

Farewell, farewell, *Eliza* dear,
The maid that I adore!
A boding voice is in mine ear,
We part to meet no more!
But the last throb that leaves my heart,
While death stands victor by,
That throb, *Eliza*, is thy part,
And thine that latest sigh!

THE

## *FAREWELL, TO THE BRETHREN OF ST. JAMES'S LODGE,*

TARBOLTON,

Tune, 'GOODNIGHT AND JOY BE WI' YOU A'.'

I.

ADIEU! a heart-warm, fond adieu!
Dear brothers of the *mystic tye!*
Ye favour'd, ye *enlightcn'd* few,
Companions of my social joy!
Tho' I to foreign lands must hie,
Pursuing Fortune's slidd'ry ba',
With melting heart, and brimful eye,
I'll mind you still, tho' far awa'.

II.

Oft have I met your social band,
And spent the chearful, festive night;
Oft, honour'd with supreme command,
Presided o'er the *sons of light:*

And by that *hieroglyphic* bright,
Which none but *craftsmen* ever saw!
Strong mem'ry on my heart shall write
Those happy scenes when far awa';

III.

May freedom, harmony, and love,
Unite you in the *grand design*,
Beneath th' omniscient eye above,
The glorious *architect* divine!
That you may keep th' *unerring line*,
Still rising by the *plummet's law*,
Till *order* bright completely shine,
Shall be my pray'r when far awa'.

IV.

And *you* farewell! whose merits claim,
Justly, that *highest badge* to wear!
Heav'n bless your honor'd, noble name,
To *Masonry* and *Scotia* dear!
A last request permit me here,
When yearly ye assemble a',
One *round*, I ask it with a *tear*,
To him, *the Bard that's far awa'*.

## *SONG.*

Tune, 'PREPARE, MY DEAR BRETHREN, TO THE 'TAVERN LET'S FLY.'

I.

NO churchman am I for to rail and to write,
No statesman nor soldier to plot or to fight,
No sly man of business contriving a snare,
For a big-belly'd bottle 's the whole of my care.

II.

The peer I don't envy, I give him his bow;
I scorn not the peasant, tho' ever so low;
But a club of good fellows, like those that are here,
And a bottle like this, are my glory and care.

III.

Here passes the squire on his brother—his horse;
There centum per centum, the cit with his purse;
But see you the *crown* how it waves in the air,
There a big-belly'd bottle still eases my care.

IV.

The wife of my bosom, alas! she did die;
For sweet consolation to church I did fly;
I found that old Solomon proved it fair,
That a big-belly'd bottle 's a cure for all care.

V.

I once was persuaded a venture to make;
A letter inform'd me that all was to wreck;—
But the pursy old landlord just waddled up stairs,
With a glorious bottle that ended my cares.

VI.

'Life's cares they are comforts,*'—a maxim laid down
By the bard, what d'ye call him, that wore the black gown;
And faith I agree with th' old prig to a hair;
For a big-belly'd bottle 's a heav'n of care.

*A Stanza added in a Mason Lodge.*

Then fill up a bumper and make it o'erflow,
And honors masonic prepare for to throw;
May every true brother of the compass and square
Have a big-belly'd bottle when harass'd with care.

* Young's Night Thoughts.

WRITTEN IN

## *FRIARS-CARSE HERMITAGE,*

ON NITH-SIDE.

THOU whom chance may hither lead,
Be thou clad in russet weed,
Be thou deckt in silken stole,
Grave these counsels on thy soul.

Life is but a day at most,
Sprung from night, in darkness lost;
Hope not sunshine ev'ry hour,
Fear not clouds will always lour.

As youth and love with sprightly dance,
Beneath thy morning star advance,
Pleasure with her siren air
May delude the thoughtless pair;
Let prudence bless enjoyment's cup,
Then raptur'd sip, and sip it up.

As thy day grows warm and high,
Life's meridian flaming nigh,
Dost thou spurn the humble vale?
Life's proud summits wouldst thou scale?
Check thy climbing step, elate,
Evils lurk in felon wait:
Dangers, eagle-pinioned, bold,
Soar around each cliffy hold,
While chearful peace, with linnet song,
Chants the lowly dells among.

As the shades of ev'ning close,
Beck'ning thee to long repose;
As life itself becomes disease,
Seek the chimney-nook of ease.
There ruminate with sober thought,
On all thou'st seen, and heard, and wrought;
And teach the sportive younkers round,
Saws of experience, sage and sound.
Say, man's true, genuine estimate,
The grand criterion of his fate,
Is not, Art thou high or low?
Did thy fortune ebb or flow?
Did many talents gild thy span?
Or frugal nature grudge thee one?
Tell them, and press it on their mind,
As thou thyself must shortly find,

*

The smile or frown of awful Heav'n,
To virtue or to vice is giv'n.
Say, to be just and kind, and wise,
There solid self-enjoyment lies;
That foolish, selfish, faithless ways,
Lead to the wretched, vile, and base.

Thus resign'd and quiet, creep
To the bed of lasting sleep:
Sleep, whence thou shalt ne'er awake,
Night, where dawn shall never break,
'Till future life, future no more,
To light and joy the good restore,
To light and joy unknown before.

Stranger, go! Heav'n be thy guide!
Quod the beadsman of Nith-side.

# ODE,

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF

MRS. —— OF ——.

DWELLER in yon dungeon dark,
Hangman of creation, mark!
Who in widow weeds appears,
Laden with unhonoured years,
Noosing with care a bursting purse,
Baited with many a deadly curse?

STROPHE.

View the wither'd beldam's face—
Can thy keen inspection trace
Aught of humanity's sweet melting grace?
Note that eye, 'tis rheum o'erflows,
Pity's flood there never rose.

See those hands, ne'er stretch'd to save,
Hands that took—but never gave.
Keeper of Mammon's iron chest,
Lo, there she goes, unpitied and unblest
She goes, but not to realms of everlasting rest!

ANTISTROPHE.

Plunderer of armies, lift thine eyes,
(A while forbear, ye tort'ring fiends,)
Seest thou whose step, unwilling hither, bends?
No fallen angel, hurl'd from upper skies;
'Tis thy trusty *quondam mate*,
Doom'd to share thy fiery fate,
She, tardy, hell-ward plies.

EPODE.

And are they of no more avail,
Ten thousand glitt'ring pounds a year?
In other worlds can Mammon fail,
Omnipotent as he is here?
O, bitter mock'ry of the *pompous bier*,
While down the wretched *vital part* is driv'n!
The cave-lodg'd beggar, with a conscience clear,
Expires in rags, unknown, and goes to Heav'n.

## *ELEGY ON CAPT. MATTHEW HENDERSON,*

A GENTLEMAN WHO HELD THE PATENT FOR HIS HONOURS IMMEDIATELY FROM ALMIGHTY GOD!

But now his radiant course is run,
For Matthew's course was bright;
His soul was like the glorious sun,
A matchless Heav'nly Light!

O DEATH! thou tyrant fell and bloody!
The meikle devil wi' a woodie
Haurl thee hame to his black smiddie,
O'er hurcheon hides,
And like stock-fish come o'er his studdie
Wi' thy auld sides!

He's gane, he's gane! he's frae us torn,
The ae best fellow e'er was born!
Thee, Matthew, Nature's sel shall mourn
By wood and wild,
Where, haply, pity strays forlorn,
Frae man exil'd.

Ye hills, near neebors o' the starns,
That proudly cock your cresting cairns!
Ye cliffs, the haunts of sailing yearns,
Where echo slumbers!
Come join, ye Nature's sturdiest bairns,
My wailing numbers!

Mourn, ilka grove the cushat kens!
Ye hazly shaws and briery dens!
Ye burnies, wimplin down your glens,
Wi' toddlin din,
Or foaming, strang, wi' hasty stens,
Frae lin to lin.

Mourn little harebells o'er the lee;
Ye stately foxgloves fair to see;
Ye woodbines hanging bonnilie,
In scented bow'rs;
Ye roses on your thorny tree,
The first o' flow'rs.

At dawn, when ev'ry grassy blade
Droops with a diamond at his head,
At ev'n, when beans their fragrance shed,
I' th' rustling gale,
Ye maukins whiddin thro' the glade,
Come join my wail.

Mourn, ye wee songsters o' the wood;
Ye grouss that crap the heather bud;
Ye curlews calling thro' a clud;
Ye whistling plover;
And mourn, ye whirring paitrick brood;
He 's gane for ever!

Mourn, sooty coots, and speckled teals,
Ye fisher herons, watching eels;
Ye duck and drake, wi' airy wheels
Circling the lake;
Ye bitterns, 'till the quagmire reels,
Rair for his sake.

Mourn, clam'ring craiks at close o' day,
'Mang fields o' flow'ring clover gay;
And when ye wing your annual way
Frae our dauld shore,
Tell thae far warlds, wha lies in clay,
Wham we deplore.

Ye houlets, frae your ivy bow'r,
In some auld tree, or eldritch tow'r,
What time the moon, wi' silent glowr,
Sets up her horn.
Wail thro' the dreary midnight hour
'Till waukrife morn!

O rivers, forests, hills, and plains!
Oft have ye heard my canty strains:
But now, what else for me remains
But tales of woe;
And frae my een the drapping rains
Maun ever flow.

Mourn, spring, thou darling of the year!
Ilk cowslip cup shall kep a tear:
Thou, simmer, while each corny spear
Shoots up its head,
Thy gay, green, flow'ry tresses shear,
For him that 's dead!

Thou, autumn, wi' thy yellow hair,
In grief thy sallow mantle tear!
Thou, winter, hurling thro' the air
The roaring blast,
Wide o'er the naked world declare
The worth we 've lost!

Mourn him, thou sun, great source of light!
Mourn, empress of the silent night!
And you, ye twinkling starnies bright,
My Matthew mourn!
For through your orbs he's taen his flight,
Ne'er to return.

O *Henderson!* the man! the brother!
And art thou gone, and gone for ever!
And hast thou crost that unknown river,
Life's dreary bound!
Like thee, where shall I find another,
The world around!

Go to your sculptur'd tombs, ye Great,
In a' the tinsel trash o' state!
But by thy honest turf I'll wait,
Thou man of worth!
And weep the ae best fellow's fate
E'er lay in earth.

## *THE EPITAPH.*

STOP, passenger! my story's brief,
And truth I shall relate, man;
I tell nae common tale o' grief,
For Matthew was a great man.

If thou uncommon merit hast,
Yet spurn'd at fortune's door, man;
A look of pity hither cast,
For Matthew was a poor man.

If thou a noble sodger art,
That passest by this grave, man,
There moulders here a gallant heart;
For Matthew was a brave man.

If thou on men, their works and ways,
Canst throw uncommon light, man;
Here lies wha weel had won thy praise,
For Matthew was a bright man.

If thou at friendship's sacred ca'
Wad life itself resign, man;
Thy sympathetic fear maun fa',
For Matthew was a kind man!

If thou art staunch without a stain,
Like the unchanging blue, man;
This was a kinsman o' thy ain,
For Matthew was a true man.

If thou hast wit, and fun and fire,
And ne'er gude wine did fear, man;
This was thy billie, dam, and sire,
For Matthew was a queer man.

If ony whiggish whingin sot,
To blame poor Matthew dare, man;
May dool and sorrow be his lot,
For Matthew was a rare man.

## *LAMENT OF MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS,*

### ON THE APPROACH OF SPRING.

NOW Nature hangs her mantle green
On every blooming tree,
And spreads her sheets o' daisies white
Out o'er the grassy lea:
Now Phœbus cheers the crystal streams,
And glads the azure skies;
But nought can glad the weary wight
That fast in durance lies.

Now lav'rocks wake the merry morn,
Aloft on dewy wing;
The merle, in his noontide bow'r,
Makes woodland echoes ring;
The mavis mild wi' many a note,
Sings drowsy day to rest:
In love and freedom they rejoice,
Wi' care nor thrall oppress.

Now blooms the lily by the bank,
The primrose down the brae;
The hawthorn's budding in the glen,
And milk-white is the slae:
The meanest hind in fair Scotland
May rove their sweets amang;
But I, the Queen of a' Scotland,
Maun lie in prison strang.

I was the Queen o' bonnie France,
Where happy I hae been;
Fu' lightly rase I in the morn,
As blythe lay down at e'en:
And I'm the sov'reign of Scotland,
And mony a traitor there;
Yet here I lie in foreign bands,
And never ending care.

But as for thee, thou false woman,
My sister and my fae,
Grim vengeance, yet, shall whet a sword
That thro' thy soul shall gae:
The weeping blood in woman's breast
Was never known to thee;
Nor th' balm that draps on wounds of woe
Frae woman's pitying e'e.

My son! my son! may kinder stars
Upon thy fortune shine:
And may those pleasures gild thy reign,
That ne'er wad blink on mine!
God keep thee frae thy mother's faes,
Or turn their hearts to thee:
And where thou meet'st thy mother's friend,
Remember him for me!

O! soon, to me, may summer-suns
Nae mair light up the morn!
Nae mair, to me, the autumn winds
Wave o'er the yellow corn!
And in the narrow house o' death
Let winter round me rave;
And the next flow'rs, that deck the spring,
Bloom on my peaceful grave.

## *TO ROBERT GRAHAM, ESQ.*

### OF FINTRA.

LATE crippl'd of an arm, and now a leg,
About to beg a *pass* for leave to beg;
Dull, listless, teas'd, dejected, and deprest,
(Nature is adverse to a cripple's rest:)
Will generous *Graham* list to his Poet's wail?
(It soothes poor misery, hearkening to her tale,)
And hear him curse the light he first survey'd,
And doubly curse the luckless rhyming trade.

Thou, Nature, partial Nature, I arraign;
Of thy caprice maternal I complain.
The lion and the bull thy care have found,
One shakes the forests, and one spurns the ground:
Thou giv'st the ass his hide, the snail his shell,
Th' envenom'd wasp, victorious, guards his cell.—
Thy minions, kings defend, controul, devour,
In all th' omnipotence of rule and power.—

Foxes and statesmen, subtile wiles ensure;
The cit and polecat stink, and are secure.
Toads with their poison, doctors with their drug,
The priest and hedgehog in their robes, are snug.
Ev'n silly woman has her warlike arts,
Her tongue and eyes, her dreaded spear and darts.

But Oh! thou bitter step-mother and hard,
To thy poor, fenceless, naked child—the Bard!
A thing unteachable in world's skill,
And half an ideot too, more helpless still.
No heels to bear him from the op'ning dun;
No claws to dig, his hated sight to shun;
No horns, but those by luckless Hymen worn,
And those, alas! not Amalthea's horn:
No nerves olfact'ry, Mammon's trusty cur,
Clad in rich dulness' comfortable fur.
In naked feeling, and in aching pride,
He bears th' unbroken blast from ev'ry side:
Vampyre booksellers drain him to the heart,
And scorpion critics cureless venom dart.

Critics—appall'd, I venture on the name,
Those cut-throat bandits in the paths of fame:
Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monroes;
He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.

His heart by causeless wanton malice wrung,
By blockhead's daring into madness stung;
His well-won bays, than life itself more dear,
By miscreants torn, who ne'er one sprig must wear:
Foil'd, bleeding, tortur'd, in the unequal strife,
The hapless poet flounders on through life.
'Till fled each hope that once his bosom fir'd,
And fled each muse that glorious once inspir'd,
Low sunk in squalid, unprotected age,
Dead, even resentment, for his injur'd page,
He heeds or feels no more the ruthless critic's rage!

So, by some hedge, the gen'rous steed deceas'd,
For half-starv'd snarling curs a dainty feast;
By toil and famine wore to skin and bone,
Lies senseless of each tugging bitch's son.

O dulness! portion of the truly blest!
Calm shelter'd haven of eternal rest!
Thy sons ne'er madden in the fierce extremes
Of fortune's polar frost, or torrid beams.
If mantling high she fills the golden cup,
With sober selfish ease they sip it up:
Conscious the bounteous meed they well deserve,
They only wonder 'some folks' do not starve.
The grave sage hern thus easy picks his frog,
And thinks the mallard a sad worthless dog.

When disappointment snaps the clue of hope,
And thro' disastrous night they darkling grope,
With deaf endurance sluggishly they bear,
And just conclude that " fools are fortune's care."
So, heavy, passive to the tempest's shocks,
Strong on the sign-post stands the stupid ox.

Not so the idle muses' mad-cap train,
Not such the workings of their moon-struck brain;
In equanimity they never dwell,
By turns in soaring heav'n, or vaulted hell.

I dread thee, fate, relentless and severe,
With all a poet's, husband's, father's fear!
Already one strong hold of hope is lost,
*Glencairn*, the truly noble, lies in dust;
(Fled, like the sun eclips'd as noon appears,
And left us darkling in a world of tears:)
O! hear my ardent, grateful, selfish pray'r!
*Fintra*, my other stay, long bless and spare!
Thro' a long life his hopes and wishes crown;
And bright in cloudless skies his sun go down!
May *bliss domestic* smooth his private path;
Give energy to life; and soothe his latest breath,
With many a filial tear circling the bed of death!

## *LAMENT FOR JAMES EARL O GLENCAIRN.*

THE wind blew hollow frae the hills,
By fits the sun's departing beam
Look'd on the fading yellow woods
That wav'd o'er Lugar's winding stream:
Beneath a craigy steep, a bard,
Laden with years and meikle pain,
In loud lament bewail'd his lord,
Whom death had all untimely ta'en.

He lean'd him to an ancient aik,
Whose trunk was mould'ring down with ye
His locks were bleached white with time,
His hoary cheek was wet wi' tears;
And as he touch'd his trembling harp,
And as he tun'd his doleful sang,
The winds, lamenting thro' their caves,
To echo bore the notes alang.

" Ye scatter'd birds that faintly sing,
" The reliques of the vernal quire!
" Ye woods that shed on a' the winds
" The honours of the aged years!
" A few short months, and glad and gay,
" Again ye'll charm the ear and e'e;
" But nocht in all revolving time
" Can gladness bring again to me.

" I am a bending aged tree,
" That long has stood the wind and rain;
" But now has come a cruel blast,
" And my last hald of earth is gane:
" Nae leaf o' mine shall greet the spring,
" Nae simmer sun exalt my bloom;
" But I maun lie before the storm,
" And ithers plant them in my room.

" I've seen sae mony changefu' years,
" On earth I am a stranger grown;
" I wander in the ways of men,
" Alike unknowing and unknown:
" Unheard, unpitied, unreliev'd,
" I bear alane my lade o' care,
" For silent, low, on beds of dust,
" Lie a' that would my sorrows share.

" And last, (the sun of a' my griefs!)
" My noble master lies in clay;
" The flow'r amang our barons bold,
" His country's pride, his country's stay:
" In weary being now I pine,
" For a' the life of life is dead,
" And hope has left my aged ken,
" On forward wing for ever fled.

" Awake thy last sad voice, my harp!
" The voice of woe and wild despair!
" Awake, resound thy latest lay,
" Then sleep in silence evermair!
" And thou, my last, best, only friend,
" That fillest an untimely tomb,
" Accept this tribute from the bard
" Thou brought from fortune's mirkest gloom

" In poverty's low barren vale,
" Thick mists, obscure, involv'd me round;
" Though oft I turn'd the wistful eye,
" Nae ray of fame was to be found:
" Thou found'st me, like the morning sun
" That melts the fogs in limpid air,
" The friendless bard and rustic song,
" Became alike thy fostering care.

"O! why has worth so short a date?
"While villains ripen grey with time!
"Must thou, the noble, gen'rous, great,
"Fall in bold manhood's hardy prime!
"Why did I live to see that day?
"A day to me so full of woe?
"O! had I met the mortal shaft
"Which laid my benefactor low!

"The bridegroom may forget, the bride
"Was made his wedded wife yestreen;
"The monarch may forget the crown
"That on his head an hour has been;
"The mother may forget the child
"That smiles sae sweetly on her knee:
"But I'll remember thee, Glencairn,
"And a' that thou hast done for me!"

## *LINES SENT TO SIR JOHN WHITEFOI*

### OF WHITEFORD, BART.

WITH THE FOREGOING POEM.

THOU, who thy honour as thy God rever'st,
Who, save thy *mind's reproach*, nought earthly fe
To thee this votive offering I impart,
The tearful tribute of a broken heart.
The *friend* thou valued'st, I, the *patron*, lov'd;
His worth, his honour, all the world approv'd.
We 'll mourn 'till we too go as he has gone,
And tread the dreary path to that dark world known.

# *TAM O' SHANTER.*

## A TALE.

Of Brownyis and of Bogilis full is this buke.
*Gawin Douglas.*

WHEN chapman billies leave the street,
And drouthy neebors, neebors meet,
As market-days are wearing late,
An' folk begin to tak the gate;
While we sit bousing at the nappy,
An' gettin fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, waters, slaps, and styles,
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,

Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest *Tam o' Shanter*,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr wham ne'er a town surpasses,
For honest men and bonny lasses).

O *Tam!* hadst thou but been sae wise,
As taen thy ain wife *Kate*'s advice!
She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,
A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;
That frae November 'till October,
Ae market-day thou was nae sober,
That ilka melder, wi' the miller,
Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;
That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on,
That at the L—d's house, ev'n on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirton Jean 'till Monday.
She prophesy'd that late or soon,
Thou would be found deep drown'd in *Doon*;
Or catch'd wi' warlocks in the mirk,
By *Alloway*'s auld haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,
To think how mony counsels sweet,

How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale: Ae market night,
*Tam* had got planted unco right;
Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats, that drank divinely;
And at his elbow, Souter *Johnny*,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony;
*Tam* loe'd him like a vera brither;
They had been fou for weeks thegither.
The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;
And ay the ale was growing better:
The landlady and *Tam* grew gracious;
Wi' favours, secret, sweet, and precious:
The Souter tauld his queerest stories;
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair and rustle,
*Tam* did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himself amang the nappy,
As bees flee hame wi' lades o' treasure,
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but *Tam* was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious.

But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;
Or like the snow-falls in the river,
A moment white—then melts for ever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form
Evanishing amid the storm.—
Nae man can tether time or tide;
The hour approaches *Tam* maun ride;
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic a night he taks the road in,
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;
The rattling show'rs rose on the blast;
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd:
That night, a child might understand,
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, *Meg*,
A better never lifted leg,
*Tam* skelpit on thro' dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;

Whiles holding fast his gude blue bonnet;
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glow'ring round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles catch him unawares;
*Kirk-Alloway* was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets nightly cry.—

By this time he was cross the ford,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd;
And past the birks and meikle stane,
Whare drunken *Charlie* brak's neck-bane;
And thro' the whins, and by the cairn,
Whare hunters fand the murder'd bairn;
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare *Mungo*'s mither hang'd hersel.—
Before him *Doon* pours all his floods;
The doubling storm roars thro' the woods;
The lightnings flash from pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,
*Kirk-Alloway* seem'd in a bleeze;
Thro' ilka bore the beams were glancing;
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.—

Inspiring bold *John Barleycorn!*
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny, we fear na evil;
Wi' usquabae we'll face the devil!—
The swats sae ream'd in *Tammie's* noddle,
Fair play, he car'd na deils a boddle.
But *Maggie* stood right sair astonish'd,
'Till, by the heel and hand admonish'd,
She ventur'd forward on the light;
And, vow! *Tam* saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillion brent new frae *France*,
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
Put life and mettle in their heels,
A winnock-bunker in the east,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzie tyke, black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge:
He screw'd the pipes and gart them skirl,
'Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.—
Coffins stood round, like open presses;
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses;
And by some devilish cantrip slight,
Each in its cauld hand held a light.—
By which heroic *Tam* was able
To note upon the haly table,

A murderer's banes in gibbet airns;
Twa span-lang, wee, unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab did gape;
Five tomahawks, wi' blude red-rusted;
Five scymitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The grey hairs yet stack to the heft;
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which ev'n to name wad be unlawfu'.

As *Tammie* glowr'd, amaz'd, and curious,
The mirth an fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew;
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
'Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,
And coost her duddies to the wark,
And linket at it in her sark!

Now *Tam*, O *Tam!* had thae been queans
A' plump and strapping, in their teens;
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,
Been snaw-white seventeen hunder linen!

Thir breeks o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' gude blue hair,
I wad hae gi'en them off my hurdies,
For ae blink o' the bonnie burdies!

But wither'd beldams, auld and droll,
Rigwoodie hags wad spean a foal,
Lowping an' flinging on a crummock,
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But *Tam* kend what was what fu' brawlie,
There was ae winsome wench and wawlie,
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kend on *Carrick* shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perish'd mony a bonnie boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country-side in fear),
Her cutty sark, o' Paisley harn,
That while a lassie she had worn,
In longitude tho' sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.—
Ah! little kend thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft for her wee *Nannie*,
Wi' twa pund Scots, ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever grac'd a dance of witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour;
Sic flights are far beyond her pow'r;
To sing how *Nannie* lap and flang,
(A souple jade she was and strang,)
And how *Tam* stood, like ane bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,
And hotch'd and blew wi' might and main:
'Till first ae caper, syne anither,
*Tam* tint his reason a' thegither,
And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"
And in an instant all was dark:
And scarcely had he *Maggie* rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees biza out wi' angry fyke,
When plundering herds assail their byke;
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When, "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So *Maggie* runs, the witches follow,
Wi' mony an eldritch skreech and hollow.

Ah, *Tam !* ah, *Tam !* thou'll get thy fairin !
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin !
In vain thy *Kate* awaits thy comin !
*Kate* soon will be a woefu' woman !
Now, do thy speedy utmost, *Meg*,
And win the key-stane * of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they dare na cross.
But ere the key-stane she could make,
The fient a tail she had to shake !
For *Nannie*, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble *Maggie* prest,
And flew at *Tam* wi' furious ettle;
But little wist she *Maggie*'s mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain grey tail :
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor *Maggie* scarce a stump.

* It is a well-known fact that witches, or any evil spirits, have no power to follow a poor wight any farther than the middle of the next running stream.—It may be proper likewise to mention to the benighted traveller, that when he falls in with *bogles*, whatever danger may be in his going forward, there is much more hazard in turning back.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk man and mother's son, take heed:
Whene'er to drink you are inclin'd,
Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,
Remember *Tam o' Shanter*'s mare.

## *ON SEEING A WOUNDED HARE LIMP BY ME,*

### WHICH A FELLOW HAD JUST SHOT AT.

INHUMAN man! curse on thy barb'rous art,
And blasted be thy murder-aiming eye;
May never pity soothe thee with a sigh,
Nor ever pleasure glad thy cruel heart!

Go live, poor wanderer of the wood and field,
The bitter little that of life remains:
No more the thickening brakes and verdant plains
To thee shall home, or food, or pastime yield.

Seek, mangled wretch, some place of wonted rest,
No more of rest, but now thy dying bed!
The sheltering rushes whistling o'er thy head,
The cold earth with thy bloody bosom prest.

Oft as by winding Nith, I, musing, wait
The sober eve, or hail the cheerful dawn,
I'll miss thee sporting o'er the dewy lawn,
And curse the ruffian's aim, and mourn thy hapless fate.

## *ADDRESS TO THE SHADE OF THOMSON,*

### ON CROWNING HIS BUST AT EDNAM, ROXBURGHSHIRE, WITH BAYS.

WHILE virgin spring, by Eden's flood,
Unfolds her tender mantle green,
Or pranks the sod in frolic mood,
Or tunes Eolian strains between:

While summer with a matron grace
Retreats to Dryburgh's cooling shade,
Yet oft, delighted, stops to trace
The progress of the spiky blade:

While autumn, benefactor kind,
By Tweed erects his aged head,
And sees, with self-approving mind,
Each creature on his bounty fed:

While maniac winter rages o'er
The hills whence classic Yarrow flows,
Rousing the turbid torrent's roar,
Or sweeping, wild, a waste of snows:

So long, sweet Poet of the year,
Shall bloom that wreath thou well hast won;
While Scotia, with exulting tear,
Proclaims that THOMSON was her son.

# EPITAPHS,

&c.

## *ON A CELEBRATED RULING ELDER*

HERE sowter **** in death does sleep;
To h-ll, if he's gane thither,
Satan, gie him thy gear to keep,
He'll haud it weel thegither.

---

## *ON A NOISY POLEMIC.*

BELOW thir stanes lie Jamie's banes:
O death, it's my opinion,
Thou ne'er took such a bleth'rin b-tch
Into thy dark dominion!

## *ON WEE JOHNNY.*

Hic jacet *wee* Johnnie.

WHOE'ER thou art, O reader, know,
That death has murder'd Johnnie!
An' here his *body* lies fu' low——
For *saul* he ne'er had ony.

---

## *FOR THE AUTHOR'S FATHER.*

O YE, whose cheek the tear of pity stains,
Draw near with pious rev'rence and attend!
Here lie the loving husband's dear remains,
The tender father, and the gen'rous friend.
The pitying heart that felt for human woe;
The dauntless heart that fear'd no human pride;
The friend of man, to vice alone a foe;
"For ev'n his failings lean'd to virtue's side *."

* Goldsmith.

## *FOR R. A. ESQ.*

KNOW thou, O stranger to the fame
Of this much lov'd, much honour'd name!
(For none that knew him need be told)
A warmer heart death ne'er made cold.

---

## *FOR G. H. ESQ.*

THE poor man weeps—here *G——n* sleeps,
Whom canting wretches blam'd:
But with *such as he*, where'er he be,
May I be *sav'd* or *d——d!*

## *A BARD'S EPITAPH.*

IS there a whim-inspired fool,
Owre fast for thought, owre hot for rule,
Owre blate to seek, owre proud to snool,
Let him draw near;
And owre this grassy heap sing dool,
And drap a tear.

Is there a bard of rustic song,
Who, noteless, steals the crowds among,
That weekly this area throng,
O, pass not by!
But, with a frater-feeling strong,
Here, heave a sigh.

Is there a man, whose judgment clear,
Can others teach the course to steer,
Yet runs, himself, life's mad career,
Wild as the wave;
Here pause—and, through the starting tear,
Survey this grave.

The poor inhabitant below
Was quick to learn and wise to know,
And keenly felt the friendly glow,
*And softer flame,*
But thoughtless follies laid him low,
And stain'd his name!

Reader, attend—whether thy soul
Soars fancy's flights beyond the pole,
Or darkling grubs this earthly hole,
In low pursuit;
Know, prudent, cautious, *self-controul*,
Is wisdom's root.

ON THE LATE

## *CAPTAIN GROSE'S PEREGRINATIONS THROUGH SCOTLAND,*

COLLECTING THE ANTIQUITIES OF THAT KINGDOM.

HEAR, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots,
Frae Maidenkirk to Johnny Groats;
If there's a hole in a' your coats,
I rede you tent it:
A chield's amang you, taking notes,
And, faith, he'll prent it.

If in your bounds ye chance to light
Upon a fine, fat, fodgel wight,
O' stature short, but genius bright,
That's he, mark weel—
And wow! he has an unco slight
O' cauk and keel.

By some auld, houlet-haunted, biggin *,
Or kirk deserted by its riggin,
It 's ten to ane ye 'll find him snug in
Some eldritch part,
Wi' deils, they say, L—d safe 's! colleaguin
At some black art.—

Ilk ghaist that haunts auld ha' or chamer,
Ye gipsey-gang that deal in glamor,
And you deep read in hell's black grammar,
Warlocks and witches;
Ye 'll quake at his conjuring hammer,
Ye midnight b——es.

It's tauld he was a sodger bred,
And ane wad rather fa'n than fled;
But now he 's quat the spurtle blade,
And dog-skin wallet,
And ta'en the—*Antiquarian trade*,
I think they call it.

* Vide his Antiquities of Scotland.

He has a fouth o' auld nick-nackets;
Rusty airn caps and jinglin jackets *,
Wad haud the Lothians three in tackets,
A towmont gude;
And parritch-pats, and auld saut-backets,
Before the Flood.

Of Eve's first fire he has a cinder;
Auld Tubalcain's fire-shool and fender;
That which distinguished the gender
O' Balaam's ass;
A broom-stick o' the witch of Endor,
Weel shod wi' brass.

Forbye, he 'll shape you af fu' gleg
The cut of Adam's philibeg;
The knife that nicket Abel's craig
He 'll prove you fully,
It was a faulding jocteleg,
Or lang-kail gullie.—

* Vide his Treatise on Ancient Armour and Weapons.

But wad ye see him in his glee,
For meikle glee and fun has he,
Then set him down, and twa or three
Gude fellows wi' him;
And *port, O port!* shine thou a wee,
And then ye 'll see him!

Now, by the pow'rs o' verse and prose!
Thou art a dainty chield, O Grose!—
Whae'er o' thee shall ill suppose,
They sair misca' thee;
I'd take the rascal by the nose,
Wad say, Shame fa' thee.

## *TO MISS CRUIKSHANKS,*

### A VERY YOUNG LADY.

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A BOOK, PRESENTED TO HER BY THE AUTHOR.

BEAUTEOUS rose-bud, young and gay,
Blooming on thy early May,
Never may'st thou, lovely flow'r,
Chilly shrink in sleety show'r!
Never Boreas' hoary path,
Never Eurus' pois'nous breath,
Never baleful stellar lights,
Taint thee with untimely blights!
Never, never reptile thief
Riot on thy virgin leaf!
Nor even Sol too fiercely view
Thy bosom blushing still with dew!

May'st thou long, sweet crimson gem,
Richly deck thy native stem;
'Till some ev'ning, sober, calm,
Dropping dews, and breathing balm,
While all around the woodland rings,
And ev'ry bird thy requiem sings;
Thou, amid the dirgeful sound,
Shed thy dying honours round,
And resign to parent earth
The loveliest form she e'er gave birth.

## *SONG.*

ANNA, thy charms my bosom fire,
And waste my soul with care;
But ah! how bootless to admire,
When fated to despair!

Yet in thy presence, lovely Fair,
To hope may be forgiv'n;
For sure 'twere impious to despair,
So much in sight of Heav'n.

## ON READING, IN A NEWSPAPER,

## *THE DEATH OF JOHN M'LEOD, ESQ.*

BROTHER TO A YOUNG LADY, A PARTICULAR FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR'S.

SAD thy tale, thou idle page,
And rueful thy alarms:
Death tears the brother of her love
From Isabella's arms.

Sweetly deckt with pearly dew
The morning rose may blow;
But cold successive noontide blasts
May lay its beauties low.

Fair on Isabella's morn
The sun propitious smil'd;
But, long ere noon, succeeding clouds
Succeeding hopes beguil'd.

Fate oft tears the bosom chords
That nature finest strung:
So Isabella's heart was form'd,
And so that heart was wrung.

Dread Omnipotence, alone,
Can heal the wound he gave;
Can point the brimful grief-worn eyes
To scenes beyond the grave.

Virtue's blossoms there shall blow,
And fear no withering blast;
There Isabella's spotless worth
Shall happy be at last.

# THE

# HUMBLE PETITION OF BRUAR WATER*

## TO THE

## NOBLE DUKE OF ATHOLE.

MY Lord, I know, your noble ear
Woe ne'er assails in vain;
Emboldened thus, I beg you'll hear
Your humble Slave complain,
How saucy Phœbus' scorching beams,
In flaming summer-pride,
Dry-withering, waste my fomy streams,
And drink my crystal tide.

* Bruar Falls, in Athole, are exceedingly picturesque and beautiful; but their effect is much impaired by the want of trees and shrubs.

The lightly-jumping glowrin trouts,
That thro' my waters play,
If, in their random, wanton spouts,
They near the margin stray;
If, hapless chance! they linger lang,
I'm scorching up so shallow,
They're left the whitening stanes amang,
In gasping death to wallow.

Last day I grat wi' spite and teen,
As Poet B**** came by,
That, to a bard I should be seen
Wi' half my channel dry:
A panegyric rhyme, I ween,
Even as I was he shor'd me;
But had I in my glory been,
He, kneeling, wad ador'd me.

Here, foaming down the skelvy rocks,
In twisting strength I rin;
There, high my boiling torrent smokes,
Wild-roaring o'er a linn:
Enjoying large each spring and well
As Nature gave them me,
I am, altho' I say't mysel,
Worth gaun a mile to see.

Would then my noble master please
To grant my highest wishes,
He 'll shade my banks wi' tow'ring trees,
And bonnie spreading bushes.
Delighted doubly then, my Lord,
You 'll wander on my banks,
And listen mony a grateful bird
Return you tuneful thanks.

The sober laverock, warbling wild,
Shall to the skies aspire;
The gowdspink, music's gayest child,
Shall sweetly join the choir:
The blackbird strong, the lintwhite clear,
The mavis mild and mellow;
The robin pensive autumn cheer,
In all her locks of yellow:

This too, a covert shall ensure,
To shield them from the storm;
And coward maukin sleep secure,
Low in her grassy form:
Here shall the shepherd make his seat,
To weave his crown of flow'rs;
Or find a shelt'ring safe retreat,
From prone descending show'rs.

And here, by sweet endearing stealth,
Shall meet the loving pair,
Despising worlds with all their wealth
As empty idle care:
The flow'rs shall vie in all their charms
The hour of heav'n to grace,
And birks extend their fragrant arms
To screen the dear embrace.

Here haply too, at vernal dawn,
Some musing bard may stray,
And eye the smoking, dewy lawn,
And misty mountain, grey;
Or, by the reaper's nightly beam,
Mild-chequering thro' the trees,
Rave to my darkly dashing stream,
Hoarse-swelling on the breeze.

Let lofty firs, and ashes cool,
My lowly banks o'erspread,
And view, deep-bending in the pool,
Their shadows' wat'ry bed!
Let fragrant birks in woodbines drest
My craggy cliffs adorn;
And, for the little songster's nest,
The close embow'ring thorn.

So may, old Scotia's darling hope,
Your little angel band,
Spring, like their fathers, up to prop
Their honour'd native land!
So may thro' Albion's farthest ken,
To social-flowing glasses,
The grace be—" Athole's honest men,
" And Athole's bonnie lasses!"

## *ON SCARING SOME WATER FOWL IN LOCH-TURIT,*

A WILD SCENE AMONG THE HILLS OF OUGHTERTYRE.

WHY, ye Tenants of the lake,
For me your wat'ry haunt forsake?
Tell me, fellow-creatures, why
At my presence thus you fly?
Why disturb your social joys,
Parent, filial, kindred ties?—
Common friend to you and me,
Nature's gifts to all are free:
Peaceful keep your dimpling wave,
Busy feed, or wanton lave;
Or, beneath the sheltering rock,
Bide the surging billow's shock.

Conscious, blushing for our race,
Soon, too soon, your fears I trace.
Man, your proud usurping foe,
Would be lord of all below:
Plumes himself in Freedom's pride,
Tyrant stern to all beside.

The eagle, from the cliffy brow,
Marking you his prey below,
In his breast no pity dwells,
Strong necessity compels.
But man, to whom alone is giv'n
A ray direct from pitying Heav'n,
Glories in his heart humane—
And creatures for his pleasure slain.

In these savage, liquid plains,
Only known to wand'ring swains,
Where the mossy riv'let strays,
Far from human haunts and ways;
All on Nature you depend,
And life's poor season peaceful spend.

Or, if man's superior might,
Dare invade your native right,
On the lofty ether borne,
Man with all his pow'rs you scorn;
Swiftly seek, on clanging wings,
Other lakes and other springs;
And the foe you cannot brave,
Scorn at least to be his slave.

## *WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL*

OVER THE CHIMNEY-PIECE, IN THE PARLOUR OF THE INN AT KENMORE, TAYMOUTH.

ADMIRING Nature in her wildest grace,
These northern scenes with weary feet I trace;
O'er many a winding dale and painful steep,
Th' abodes of covey'd grouse and timid sheep,
My savage journey, curious, I pursue,
'Till fam'd Breadalbane opens to my view.—
The meeting cliffs each deep-sunk glen divides,
The woods, wild scatter'd, clothe their ample sides;
Th' outstretching lake, imbosomed 'mong the hills,
The eye with wonder and amazement fills;

'he Tay meand'ring sweet in infant pride,
'he palace rising on his verdant side;
'he lawns wood-fring'd in Nature's native taste;
'he hillocks dropt in Nature's careless haste;
'he arches striding o'er the new-born stream;
'he village, glittering in the noontide beam—

* * * * * * *

'oetic ardours in my bosom swell,
.one wand'ring by the hermit's mossy cell:
'he sweeping theatre of hanging woods;
'h' incessant roar of headlong tumbling floods—

* * * * * * *

Ier poesy might wake her heav'n-taught lyre,
.nd look through nature with creative fire;
Iere, to the wrongs of fate half reconcil'd,
Iisfortune's lighten'd steps might wander wild;

And Disappointment, in these lonely bounds,
Find balm to sooth her bitter rankling wounds:
Here heart-struck Grief might heav'nward st
her scan,
And injur'd Worth forget and pardon man.

* * * * * * *

## *WRITTEN WITH A PENCIL,*

### STANDING BY THE FALL OF FYERS, NEAR LOCH-NESS.

MONG the heathy hills and ragged woods
he roaring Fyers pours his mossy floods;
'ill full he dashes on the rocky mounds,
'here, thro' a shapeless breach, his stream re
sounds.
s high in air the bursting torrents flow,
s deep recoiling surges foam below,
rone down the rock the whitening sheet descends,
nd viewless echo's ear, astonish'd, rends.

Dim-seen, through rising mists and ceaseless show'rs,
The hoary cavern, wide-surrounding, low'rs.
Still thro' the gap the struggling river toils,
And still below, the horrid cauldron boils—

* * * * * * *

## ON THE

## *BIRTH OF A POSTHUMOUS CHILD,*

BORN IN PECULIAR CIRCUMSTANCES OF FAMILY DISTRESS.

SWEET Flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love,
And Ward o' mony a pray'r,
What heart o' stane wad thou na move,
Sae helpless, sweet, and fair.

November hirples o'er the lea,
Chill, on thy lovely form;
And gane, alas! the shelt'ring tree,
Should shield thee frae the storm.

May HE who gies the rain to pour,
And wings the blast to blaw,
Protect thee frae the driving show'r,
The bitter frost and snaw.

May HE, the friend of woe and want,
Who heals life's various stounds,
Protect and guard the mother plant,
And heal her cruel wounds.

But late she flourish'd, rooted fast,
Fair on the summer morn:
Now feebly bends she, in the blast,
Unshelter'd and forlorn.

Blest be thy bloom, thou lovely gem,
Unscath'd by ruffian hand!
And from thee many a parent stem
Arise to deck our land.

# *THE WHISTLE,*

A

BALLAD.

AS the authentic *prose* history of the Whistle is curious, I shall here give it.—In the train of Anne of Denmark, when she came to Scotland with our James the Sixth, there came over also a Danish gentleman of gigantic stature and great prowess, and a matchless champion of Bacchus. He had a little ebony Whistle, which, at the commencement of the orgies, he laid on the table; and whoever was last able to blow it, every body else being disabled by the potency of the bottle, was to carry off the Whistle as a trophy of victory. The Dane produced credentials of his victories, without a single defeat, at the courts of Copenhagen, Stockholm, Moscow, Warsaw, and several of the petty courts in Germany; and challenged the Scots Bacchanalians to the alternative of trying his prowess, or else of acknowledging their inferiority.—After many overthrows on the part of the Scots, the Dane was encountered by Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton, ancestor of the present worthy baronet of that name; who, after three days and three nights hard contest, left the Scandinavian under the table,

*And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.*

Sir Walter, Son to Sir Robert before mentioned, afterwards lost the Whistle to Walter Riddel of Glenriddel, who had married a sister of Sir Walter's.—On Friday, the 16th of October, 1790, at Friars-Carse, the Whistle was once more contended for, as related in the ballad, by the present Sir Robert Lawrie of Maxwelton; Robert Riddel, Esq. of Glenriddel, lineal descendant and representative of Walter Riddel, who won the Whistle, and in whose family it had continued; and Alexander Ferguson, Esq. of Craigdarroch, likewise descended of the great Sir Robert; which last gentleman carried off the hard-won honours of the field.

## *THE WHISTLE.*

I SING of a Whistle, a Whistle of worth,
I sing of a Whistle, the pride of the North,
Was brought to the court of our good Scottish king,
And long with this Whistle all Scotland shall ring.

Old Loda *, still rueing the arm of Fingal,
The god of the bottle sends down from his hall—
" This Whistle 's your challenge, to Scotland get o'er,
" And drink them to hell, Sir! or ne'er see me more!"

* See Ossian's Caric-thura.

Old poets have sung, and old chronicles tell,
What champions ventur'd, what champions fell;
The son of great Loda was conqueror still,
And blew on the Whistle his requiem shrill.

'Till Robert, the lord of the Cairn and the Scaur,
Unmatch'd at the bottle, unconquer'd in war,
He drank his poor god-ship as deep as the sea,
No tide of the Baltic e'er drunker than he.

Thus Robert, victorious, the trophy has gain'd;
Which now in his house has for ages remain'd;
'Till three noble chieftains, and all of his blood,
The jovial contest again have renew'd.

Three joyous good fellows, with hearts clear of flaw;
Craigdarroch, so famous for wit, worth, and law;
And trusty Glenriddel, so skill'd in old coins;
And gallant Sir Robert, deep-read in old wines.

Craigdarroch began, with a tongue smooth as oil,
Desiring Glenriddel to yield up the spoil;
Or else he would muster the heads of the clan,
And once more, in claret, try which was the man.

"By the gods of the ancients!" Glenriddel replies,
"Before I surrender so glorious a prize,
"I'll conjure the ghost of the great Borie More*,
"And bumper his horn with him twenty times o'er."

* See Johnson's Tour to the Hebrides.

Sir Robert, a soldier, no speech would pretend,
But he ne'er turn'd his back on his foe—or his friend,
Said, toss down the Whistle, the prize of the field,
And, knee-deep in claret, he'd die, or he'd yield.

To the board of Glenriddel our heroes repair,
So noted for drowning of sorrow and care;
But for wine and for welcome not more known to fame,
Than the sense, wit, and taste, of a sweet lovely dame.

A bard was selected to witness the fray,
And tell future ages the feats of the day;
A bard who detested all sadness and spleen,
And wish'd that Parnassus a vineyard had been.

The dinner being over, the claret they ply,
ıd ev'ry new cork is a new spring of joy;
the bands of old friendship and kindred so set,
ıd the bands grew the tighter the more they were wet.

Gay pleasure ran riot as bumpers ran o'er;
ight Phœbus ne'er witness'd so joyous a core,
ıd vow'd that to leave them he was quite forlorn,
ill Cynthia hinted she'd see them next morn.

Six bottles a-piece had well wore out the night,
hen gallant Sir Robert, to finish the fight,
urn'd o'er in one bumper a bottle of red,
nd swore 'twas the way that their ancestor did.

Then worthy Glenriddel, so cautious and sage,
No longer the warfare, ungodly, would wage;
A high-ruling Elder to wallow in wine!
He left the foul business to folks less divine.

The gallant Sir Robert fought hard to the end;
But who can with fate and quart bumpers contend
Though fate said—a hero should perish in light;
So uprose bright Phœbus—and down fell the knig

Next uprose our bard, like a prophet in drink:-
"Craigdarroch, thoul't soar when creation shall si
"But if thou would flourish immortal in rhyme,
"Come—one bottle more—and have at the sublin

" Thy line, that have struggled for freedom with
" Bruce,
" Shall heroes and patriots ever produce:
" So thine be the laurel, and mine be the bay;
" The field thou hast won, by yon bright god of
" day!"

# GLOSSARY.

THE *ch* and *gh* have always the guttural sound. The sound of the English diphthong *oo*, is commonly spelled *ou*. The French *u*, a sound which often occurs in the Scottish language, is marked *oo*, or *ui*. The *a* in genuine Scottish words, except when forming a diphthong, or followed by an *e* mute after a single consonant, sounds generally like the broad English *a* in *wall*. The Scottish diphthong *ae*, always, and *ea*, very often, sound like the French *e* masculine. The Scottish diphthong *ey*, sounds like the Latin *ei*.

A.

*A'*, All.
*Aback*, away, aloof.
*Abeigh*, at a shy distance.
*Aboon*, above, up.
*Abread*, abroad, in sight.
*Abreed*, in breadth.
*Ae*, one.
*Aff*, off; *Aff loof*, unpremeditated.
*Afore*, before.
*Aft*, oft.
*Aften*, often.
*Agley*, off the right line, wrong.
*Aiblins*, perhaps.
*Ain*, own.
*Airl-penny*, earnest-money.
*Airn*, iron.
*Aith*, an oath.
*Aits*, oats.
*Aiver*, an old horse.
*Aize*, a hot cinder.
*Alake*, alas!
*Alane*, alone
*Akward*, awkward.
*Amaist*, almost.
*Among*, among.
*An'*, and, if.
*Ance*, once.
*Ane*, one, and.
*Anent*, over against.
*Anither*, another
*Ase*, ashes
*Askent*, asquint, aslant.
*Asteer*, abroad, stirring.

*Athart*, athwart.
*Aught*, possession; as, *in a' my aught*, in all my possession.
*Auld lang syne*, older time, days of other years.
*Auld*, old.
*Auldfarran*, or *auld farrant*, sagacious, cunning, prudent.
*Ava*, at all.
*Awa'*, away.
*Awfu'*, awful.
*Awn*, the beard of barley, oats, &c.
*Awnie*, bearded.
*Ayont*, beyond.

B.

*BA'*, Ball.
*Backets*, ash boards.
*Backlins*, comin', coming back, returning.
*Bad*, did bid.
*Baide*, endured, did stay.
*Baggie*, the belly.
*Bainie*, having large bones, stout.
*Bairn*, a child.
*Bairntime*, a family of children, a brood.
*Baith*, both.
*Ban*, to swear.
*Bane*, bone.
*Bang*, to beat, to strive.
*Bardie*, diminutive of bard.
*Barefit*, barefooted.
*Barmie*, of, or like barm.
*Batch*, a crew, a gang.
*Batts*, botts.
*Baudrons*, a cat.
*Bauld*, bold.
*Bawk*, bank.
*Bawsn't*, having a white stripe down the face.
*Ee*, to let be, to give over, to cease.
*Bear*, barley.
*Feastie*, dimin. of beast.
*Beet*, to add fuel to fire.
*Beld*, bald.
*Belyve*, by and by.
*Ben*, into the spence or parlour.
*Benlomond*, a noted mountain in Dumbartonshire.
*Bethankit*, grace after meat.
*Beuk*, a book.
*Bicker*, a kind of wooden dish, a short race.
*Bie*, or *Bield*, shelter.
*Bien*, wealthy, plentiful.
*Big*, to build.
*Biggin*, building, a house.
*Biggit*, built.
*Bill*, a bull.
*Billie*, a brother, a young fellow.
*Bing*, a heap of grain, potatoes, &c.
*Birk*, birch.
*Birken-shaw*, *Birchen-wood-shaw*, a small wood.
*Birkie*, a clever fellow.
*Birring*, the noise of partridges, &c. when they spring.
*Bit*, crisis, nick of time.
*Bizz*, a bustle, to buzz.
*Blastie*, a shrivelled dwarf, a term of contempt.
*Blastit*, blasted.
*Blate*, bashful, sheepish.
*Blather*, bladder.
*Blaud*, a flat piece of any thing; to slap.
*Blaw*, to blow, to boast.
*Bleerit*, bleared, sore with rheum.
*Bleert and blin*, bleared and blind.

g, blazing.
ı, idle talking fellow
, to talk idly, nonsense.
in, talking idly.
a little while, a smiling
, to look kindly, to
: by fits.
·, a term of contempt.
', smirking.
wn, one of those beg-
who get annually, on the
's birth-day, a blue cloak
)wn, with a badge.
blood.
:, snivelling.
a shred, a large piece.
to vomit, to gush inter-
ently.
, gushed, vomited.
a small gold coin.
spirits, hobgoblins.
, or *bonny*, handsome,
tiful.
k, a kind of thick cake
ead, a small jannack, or
made of oatmeal.
a board.
:e, the shrub elder;
ted much of old in
ges of barn-yards, &c.
behoved, must needs.
a hole in the wall.
an angry tumour.
vomiting, gushing out.
g, drinking.
il, cabbage.
bended, crooked.
ns, fern.
a declivity, a precipice,
slope of a hill.
broad.
't, reeled forward.
a kind of harrow.

*Brainge*, to run rashly forward.
*Brak*, broke, made insolvent.
*Branks*, a kind of wooden curb for horses.
*Brash*, a sudden illness.
*Brats*, coarse clothes, rags, &c.
*Brattle*, a short race, hurry, fury.
*Braw*, fine, handsome.
*Brawlyt*, or *brawlie*, very well, finely, heartily.
*Braxie*, a morbid sheep.
*Breastie*, dimin. of breast.
*Breastit*, did spring up or forward.
*Breckan*, fern.
*Breef*, an invulnerable or irresistible spell.
*Breeks*, breeches.
*Brent*, smooth.
*Brewin*, brewing.
*Brie*, juice, liquid.
*Brig*, a bridge.
*Brunstane*, brimstone.
*Brisket*, the breast, the bosom.
*Brither*, a brother.
*Brock*, a badger.
*Brogue*, a hum, a trick.
*Broo*, broth, liquid, water.
*Broose*, broth; a race at country weddings, who shall first reach the bridegroom's house on returning from church.
*Brugh*, a burgh.
*Bruilzie*, a broil, a combustion.
*Brunt*, did burn, burnt.
*Brust*, to burst, burst.
*Buchan-bullers*, the boiling of the sea among the rocks on the coast of Buchan.
*Buckskin*, an inhabitant of Virginia.
*Bught*, a pen.
*Bughtin-time*, the time of col-

lecting the sheep in the pens to be milked.
*Buirdly*, stout-made, broad-built.
*Bum-clock*, a humming beetle that flies in the summer evenings.
*Bummin*, humming as bees.
*Bummle*, to blunder.
*Bummler*, a blunderer.
*Bunker*, a window-seat.
*Burdies*, dimin. of birds.
*Bure*, did bear.
*Burn*, water, a rivulet.
*Burnewin*, i. e. *burn the wind*, a blacksmith.
*Burnie*, dimin. of burn.
*Buskie*, bushy.
*Buskit*, dressed.
*Busks*, dresses.
*Bustle*, a bustle, to bustle.
*Buss*, shelter.
*But, bot*, with.
*But an' ben*, the country kitchen and parlour.
*By himself*, lunatic, distracted.
*Byke*, a bee-hive.
*Byre*, a cow-stable, a shippen.

## C.

*CA'*, To call, to name, to drive.
*Ca't*, or *ca'd*, called, driven, calved.
*Cadger*, a carrier.
*Cadie*, or *caddie*, a person, a young fellow.
*Caff*, chaff.
*Caird*, a tinker.
*Cairn*, a loose heap of stones.
*Calf-ward*, a small inclosure for calves.
*Callan*, a boy.
*Caller*, fresh, sound, refreshing.
*Canie*, or *cannie*, gentle, mild, dextrous.
*Cannilie*, dextrously, gently.
*Cantie*, or *canty*, cheerful, merry.
*Cantraip*, a charm, a spell.
*Cap-stane*, cope-stone, key-stone.
*Careerin*, cheerfully.
*Carl*, an old man.
*Carlin*, a stout old woman.
*Cartes*, cards.
*Caudron*, a caldron.
*Cauk and keel*, chalk and red clay.
*Cauld*, cold.
*Caup*, a wooden drinking vessel.
*Cesses*, taxes.
*Chanter*, a part of a bagpipe.
*Chap*, a person, a fellow, a blow.
*Chaup*, a stroke, a blow.
*Cheekit*, cheeked.
*Cheep*, a chirp, to chirp.
*Chiel*, or *cheel*, a young fellow.
*Chimla*, or *chimlie*, a firegrate, fire-place.
*Chimla-lug*, the fire-side.
*Chittering*, shivering, trembling.
*Chockin*, choaking.
*Chow*, to chew; *cheek for chow*, side by side.
*Chuffie*, fat-faced.
*Clachan*, a small village about a church, a hamlet.
*Claise*, or *claes*, clothes.
*Claith*, cloth.
*Claithing*, clothing.
*Claivers*, nonsense, not speaking sense.
*Clap*, clapper of a mill.

wrote.
n idle tale, the story
day.
to tell little idle sto-
an idle story.
snatched at, laid hold

clean, to scrape.
scraped.
idle stories.
scratch.
) clothe.
:lothes.
having caught.
jerking, clinking.
*)ell*, who rings the
-bell.
eers.
*laver*, idle conversa-

) hatch, a beetle.
hatching.
e hoof of a cow, sheep,

an old name for the

bump or swelling after
'.
louds.
wheedling.
fishing boat.
*ny*, a lock of hair tied
a girl's head; a cap.
ight.
ooden dish.
dimin. of cog.
from *Kyle*, a district
shire; so called, saith
on, from Coil, or Coi-
Pictish monarch.
general, and some-
a particular, name for
y curs.

*Collieshangie*, quarrelling.
*Commaun*, command.
*Cood*, the cud.
*Coof*, a blockhead, a ninny.
*Cookit*, appeared, and disappeared by fits.
*Coost*, did cast.
*Coot*, the ancle or foot.
*Cootie*, a wooden kitchen dish:
—*also those fowls whose legs are clad with feathers are said to be* cootie.
*Corbies*, a species of the crow.
*Core*, corps, party, clan.
*Corn't*, fed with oats.
*Cotter*, the inhabitant of a *cot-house*, or cottage.
*Couthie*, kind, loving.
*Cove*, a cove.
*Cowe*, to terrify, to keep under, to lop; a fright; a branch of furze, broom, &c.
*Coup*, to barter, to tumble over, a gang.
*Cowpit*, tumbled.
*Cowrin*, cowering.
*Cowte*, a colt.
*Cozie*, snug.
*Cozily*, snugly.
*Crabbit*, crabbed, fretful.
*Crack*, conversation, to converse.
*Crackin*, conversing.
*Craft*, or *croft*, a field near a house (*in old husbandry*).
*Craiks*, cries or calls incessantly, a bird.
*Crambo-clink*, or *crambo-jingle*, rhymes, doggrel verses.
*Crank*, the noise of an ungreased wheel.
*Crankous*, fretful, captious.
*Cranreuch*, the hoar frost.

*Crap*, a crop, to crop.
*Craw*, a crow of a cock, a rook.
*Creel*, a basket; *to have one's wits in a creel*, to be craz'd, to be fascinated.
*Creeshie*, greasy.
*Croud*, or *croud*, to coo as a dove.
*Croon*, a hollow and continued moan; to make a noise like the continued roar of a bull; to hum a tune.
*Crooning*, humming.
*Crouchie*, crook-backed.
*Crouse*, cheerful, courageous.
*Crously*, cheerfully, courageously.
*Crowdie*, a composition of oatmeal and boiled water, sometimes from the broth of beef, mutton, &c.
*Crowdie-time*, breakfast-time.
*Crowlin*, crawling.
*Crummock*, a cow with crooked horns.
*Crump*, hard and brittle; *spoken of bread*.
*Crunt*, a blow on the head with a cudgel.
*Cuit*, a blockhead, a ninny.
*Cummock*, a short staff with a crooked head.
*Curchie*, a curtesy.
*Curler*, a player at a game on the ice, practised in Scotland, called *curling*.
*Curlie*, curled, whose hair falls naturally in ringlets.
*Curling*, a well known game on the ice.
*Curmurring*, murmuring, a slight rumbling noise.
*Curpin*, the crupper.
*Cushat*, the dove, or wood-pigeon.
*Cutty*, short, a spoon broken in the middle.

## D.

*DADDIE*, a father.
*Daffin*, merriment, foolishness.
*Daft*, merry, giddy, foolish.
*Daimen*, rare, now and then; *daimen-icker*, an ear of corn now and then.
*Dainty*, pleasant, good humoured, agreeable.
*Dales*, plains, valleys.
*Darklins*, darkling.
*Daud*, to thrash, to abuse.
*Daur*, to dare.
*Daurt*, dared.
*Daurg*, or *daurk*, a day's labour.
*Davoc*, David.
*Dawd*, a large piece.
*Dawtit*, or *dawtet*, fondled, caressed.
*Dearies*, dimin. of dears.
*Deaithfu'*, dear.
*Deave*, to deafen.
*Deil-ma-care!* no matter! for all that!
*Deleerit*, delirious.
*Descrive*, to describe.
*Dight*, to wipe, to clean corn from chaff.
*Dight*, cleaned from chaff.
*Dights*, cleans.
*Ding*, to worst, to push.
*Dinna*, do not.
*Dirl*, a slight tremulous stroke or pain.
*Dizzen*, or *diz'n*, a dozen.
*Doited*, stupified, bebetated.
*Dolt*, stupified, crazed.
*Donsie*, unlucky.

ıw; *to sing dool,* to
to mourn.
s.
cy, nice.
*douse,* sober, wise,

oberly, prudently.
as or were able.
kside.
*er,* one that strikes

*lin,* sullen, sallow.
ut, durable, sullen,
ı.
ore prudent.
ır are able, can.
ıless, wanting force.
ırn with grief, fa-
c. half asleep.
n or are not able,

ıid.
op, to drop.
dropping.
ooze, to drop.
dious, long about it.
rizzling, slaver.
:ove.
the breech.
rt of a bag-pipe.
ıpl't, that droops at
per.
vet.
-drawling.
ırst, drought.
drunken.
ıuddy.
, meal and water
raw.
t, sour humour.
ıall pond.
, clothes.
agged.

*Dung,* worsted; pushed, driven.
*Dunted,* beaten, boxed.
*Dush,* to push as a ram, &c.
*Dusht,* pushed by a ram, ox, &c.

E.

*E'E,* the eye.
*Een,* the eyes.
*E'enin,* evening.
*Eerie,* frighted, dreading spirits.
*Eild,* old age.
*Elbuck,* the elbow.
*Eldritch,* ghastly, frightful.
*En',* end.
ENBRUGH, EDINBURGH.
*Eneugh,* enough.
*Especial,* especially.
*Ettle,* to try, attempt.
*Eydent,* diligent.

F.

*FA',* fall, lot, to fall.
*Fa's,* does fall, water-falls.
*Faddom't,* fathomed.
*Fae,* a foe.
*Faem,* foam.
*Faiket,* unknown.
*Fairin,* a fairing, a present.
*Fallow,* fellow.
*Fand,* did find.
*Farl,* a cake of bread.
*Fash,* trouble, care, to trouble, to care for.
*Fasht,* troubled.
*Fastereen-een,* Fastens Even.
*Fauld,* a fold, to fold.
*Faulding,* folding.
*Faut,* fault.
*Fawsont,* decent, seemly.
*Feal,* a field, smooth.
*Fearfu',* frightful.
*Fear't,* frighted.

*Feat*, neat, spruce.
*Feckt*, to fight.
*Fechtin*, fighting.
*Feck*, many, plenty.
*Fecket*, waistcoat.
*Feckfu'*, large, brawny, stout.
*Feckless*, puny, weak, silly.
*Feckly*, weakly.
*Feg*, a fig.
*Feide*, feud, enmity.
*Fell*, keen, biting; the flesh immediately under the skin; a field pretty level, on the side or top of a hill.
*Fen*, successful struggle, fight.
*Fend*, to live comfortably.
*Ferlie*, or *ferley*, to wonder; a wonder; a term of contempt.
*Fetch*, to pull by fits.
*Fetch't*, pulled intermittently.
*Fidge*, to fidget.
*Fiel*, soft, smooth.
*Fient*, fiend, a petty oath.
*Fier*, sound, healthy; a brother, a friend.
*Fisle*, to make a rustling noise, to fidget, a bustle.
*Fit*, a foot.
*Fittie-lan*, the nearer horse of the hindmost pair in the plough.
*Fizz*, to make a hissing noise, like fermentation.
*Flainen*, flannel.
*Fleech*, to supplicate in a flattering manner.
*Fleech'd*, supplicated.
*Fleechin*, supplicating.
*Fleesh*, a fleece.
*Fleg*, a kick, a random blow.
*Flether*, to decoy by fair words.
*Fletherin*, flattering.
*Fley*, to scare, to frighten.
*Flichter*, to flutter, as young nestlings, when their dam approaches.
*Flickering*, to meet, to encounter with.
*Flinders*, sherds, broken pieces.
*Flingin-tree*, a piece of timber hung by way of partition between two horses in a stable; a flail.
*Flisk*, to fret at the yoke.
*Fliskit*, fretted.
*Flitter*, to vibrate like the wings of small birds.
*Flittering*, fluttering, vibrating.
*Flunkie*, a servant in livery.
*Foord*, a ford.
*Forbears*, forefathers.
*Forbye*, besides.
*Forfairn*, distressed, worn out, jaded.
*Forfoughten*, fatigued.
*Forgather*, to meet, to encounter with.
*Forgie*, to forgive.
*Forjesket*, jaded with fatigue.
*Fother*, fodder.
*Fou'*, full, drunk.
*Foughten*, troubled, harassed.
*Fouth*, plenty, enough, or more than enough.
*Fow*, a bushel, &c.; also a pitch-fork.
*Frae*, from.
*Freath*, froth.
*Frien'*, friend.
*Fu'*, full.
*Fud*, the scut, or tail of the hare, coney, &c.
*Fuff*, to blow intermittently.
*Fuff't*, did blow.
*Funnie*, full of merriment.

*Fur*, a furrow.
*Furm*, a form, bench.
*Fyke*, trifling cares; to piddle, to be in a fuss about trifles.
*Fyle*, to soil, to dirty.
*Fyl't*, soiled, dirtied.

G.

*GAB*, the mouth; to speak boldly, or pertly.
*Gaber-lunzie*, an old man.
*Gadsman*, ploughboy, the boy that drives the horses in the plough.
*Gae*, to go; *gaed*, went; *gaen*, or *gaen*, gone; *gaun*, going.
*Gaet*, or *gate*, way, manner, road.
*Gang*, to go, to walk.
*Gar*, to make, to force to.
*Gar't*, forced to.
*Garten*, a garter.
*Gash*, wise, sagacious, talkative, to converse.
*Gashin*, conversing.
*Gaucy*, jolly, large.
*Gear*, riches, goods of any kind.
*Geck*, to toss the head in wantonness or scorn.
*Ged*, a pike.
*Gentles*, great folks.
*Geordie*, a guinea.
*Get*, a child, a young one.
*Ghaist*, a ghost.
*Gie*, to give; *gied*, gave; *gien*, given.
*Giftie*, dimin. of gift.
*Giglets*, playful girls.
*Gillie*, dimin. of gill.
*Gilpey*, a half grown, half informed boy or girl, a romping lad, a hoyden.
*Gimmer*, an ewe from one to two years old.
*Gin*, if, against.
*Gipsey*, a young girl.
*Girn*, to grin, to twist the features in rage, agony, &c.
*Girning*, grinning.
*Gizz*, a periwig.
*Glaikitt*, inattentive, foolish.
*Glaive*, a sword.
*Gawky*, half witted, foolish, romping.
*Glaizie*, glittering, smooth like a glass.
*Glaund*, aimed, snatched.
*Gleck*, sharp, ready.
*Clog*, sharp, ready.
*Gleib*, glebe.
*Glen*, dale, deep valley.
*Gley*, a squint, to squint; *a-gley*, off at a side, wrong.
*Glib-gabbet*, that speaks smoothly and readily.
*Glint*, to peep.
*Glinted*, peeped.
*Glintin*, peeping.
*Gloamin*, the twilight.
*Glowr*, to stare, to look, a stare, a look.
*Glowred*, looked, stared.
*Gowan*, the flower of the daisy, dandelion, hawkweed, &c.
*Gowany, gowany glens*, daisied, dales.
*Gowd*, gold.
*Gowff*, the game of Golf; to strike as the bat does the ball at golf.
*Gouff'd*, struck.
*Gowk*, a cuckoo, a term of contempt.
*Gowl*, to howl.

*Grane*, or *grain*, a groan, to groan.
*Grain'd and gaunted*, groaned and grunted.
*Graining*, groaning.
*Grain*, a pronged instrument for cleaning stables.
*Graith*, accoutrements, furniture, dress, geer.
*Grannie*, grandmother.
*Grape*, to grope.
*Grapit*, groped.
*Grat*, wept, shed tears.
*Great*, intimate, familiar.
*Gree*, to agree; *to bear the gree*, to be decidedly victor.
*Gree't*, agreed.
*Greet*, to shed tears, to weep.
*Greetin*, crying, weeping.
*Grippet*, catched, seized.
*Groat, to get the whistle of one's groat*, to play a losing game.
*Gronsome*, loathsomely, grim.
*Grozet*, a gooseberry
*Grumph*, a grunt, to grunt.
*Grumphie*, a sow.
*Grun'*, ground.
*Grunstane*, a grindstone.
*Grumtle*, the phiz, a grunting noise.
*Grunzie*, mouth.
*Grushie*, thick, of thriving growth.
GUDE, the SUPREME BEING; good.
*Guid*, good.
*Guid-mornin*, good morrow.
*Guid-e'en*, good evening.
*Guidman and guidwife*, the master and mistress of the house; *young guidman*, a man newly married.
*Gully*, or *gullie*, a large knife.
*Guidfather, guidmother*, father-in-law, and mother-in-law.
*Gumlie*, muddy.
*Gusty*, tasteful.

## H.

*HA'* hall.
*Ha' bible*, the great bible that lies in the hall.
*Hae*, to have.
*Haen*, had, *the participle*.
*Haet, fient haet*, a petty oath of negation; nothing.
*Haffet*, the temple, the side of the head.
*Hafflins*, nearly half, partly.
*Hag*, a scar, or gulf in mosses, and moors.
*Haggis*, a kind of pudding boiled in the stomach of a cow or sheep.
*Hain*, to spare, to save.
*Hain'd*, spared.
*Hairst*, harvest.
*Haith*, a petty oath.
*Haivers*, nonsense, speaking without thought.
*Hal'*, or *hald*, an abiding place.
*Hale*, whole, tight, healthy.
*Haly*, holy.
*Hame*, home.
*Hallan*, a particular partition-wall in a cottage, or more properly a seat of turf at the outside.
*Hallowmas*, Hallow-eve, the 31st of October.
*Hamely*, homely, affable.
*Han'*, or *hain'*, hand.
*Hap*, an outer garment, mantle, plaid, &c. to wrap, to cover, to hap.
*Happer*, a hopper.

*Happing*, hopping.
*Hap step an' loup*, hop skip and leap.
*Harkit*, hearkened.
*Harn*, very coarse linen.
*Hash*, a fellow that neither knows how to dress nor act with propriety.
*Hastit*, hastened.
*Haud*, to hold.
*Haughs*, low lying, rich lands; valleys.
*Haurl*, to drag, to peel.
*Haurlin*, peeling.
*Haverel*, a half witted person, half witted.
*Havins*, good manners, decorum, good sense.
*Hawkie*, a cow, properly, one with a white face.
*Heapit*, heaped.
*Healsome*, healthful, wholesome.
*Hearse*, hoarse.
*Hear't*, hear it.
*Heathar*, heath.
*Hech!* oh! strange.
*Hecht*, promised to foretel something that is to be got or given; foretold; the thing foretold; offered.
*Heckle*, a board, in which are fixed a number of sharp pins, used in dressing hemp, flax, &c.
*Heeze*, to elevate, to raise.
*Helm*, the rudder or helm.
*Herd*, to tend flocks, one who tends flocks.
*Herrin*, a herring.
*Herry*, to plunder; most properly, to plunder birds' nests.
*Herryment*, plundering, devastation.
*Hersel*, herself; also a herd of cattle, of any sort.
*Het*, hot.
*Heugh*, a crag, a coal-pit.
*Hilch*, a hobble, to halt.
*Hilchin*, halting.
*Himsel*, himself.
*Hiney*, honey.
*Hing*, to hang.
*Hirple*, to walk crazily, to creep.
*Hissel*, so many cattle as one person can attend.
*Histie*, dry, chapt, barren.
*Hitcht*, a loop, a knot.
*Hizzie*, hussy, a young girl.
*Hoddin*, the motion of a sage countryman riding on a cart-horse; humble.
*Hog-score*, a kind of distance line, in curling, drawn across the *rink*.
*Hog-shouther*, a kind of horse play, by justling with the shoulder; to justle.
*Hool*, outer skin or case, a nutshell, pease-swade.
*Hoolie*, slowly, leisurely.
*Hoolie!* take leisure, stop.
*Hoord*, a hoard; to hoard.
*Hoordit*, hoarded.
*Horn*, a spoon made of horn.
*Hornie*, one of the many names of the devil.
*Host*, or *hoast*, to cough.
*Hostin*, coughing.
*Hosts*, coughs.
*Hotch'd*, turned topsy-turvey, blended, mixed.
*Houghmagandie*, fornication.
*Houlet*, an owl.

*Housie*, dimin. of house.
*Hove*, to heave, to swell.
*Hov'd*, heaved, swelled.
*Howdie*, a midwife.
*Howe*, hollow, a hollow or dell.
*Howebackit*, sunk in the back, spoken of a horse, &c.
*Howff*, a landlady, a house of resort.
*Howk*, to dig.
*Howkit*, digged.
*Howkin*, digging.
*Howlet*, an owl.
*Hoy*, to urge.
*Hoy't*, urged.
*Hoyse*, a pull upwards.
*Hoyte*, to amble crazily.
*Hughoc*, dimin. of Hugh.
*Hurcheon*, a hedgehog.
*Hurdies*, the loins, the crupper.
*Hushion*, cushion.

## I.

*I'*, in.
*Icher*, an ear of corn.
*Ier-oe*, a great-grand-child.
*Ilk*, or *ilka*, each, every.
*Ill-willie*, ill-natured, malicious, niggardly.
*Ingine*, genius, ingenuity.
*Ingle*, fire, fire-place.
*Ise*, I shall or will.
*Ither*, other, one another.

## J.

*JAD*, jade; also a familiar term among country folks for a giddy young girl.
*Jauk*, to dally, to trifle.
*Jaukin*, trifling, dallying.
*Jaup*, a jerk of water; to jerk as agitated water.
*Jaw*, coarse raillery, to pour out, to shut, to jerk as water.
*Jillet*, a jilt, a giddy girl.
*Jimp*, to jump, slender in the waist, handsome.
*Jink*, to dodge, to turn a corner, a sudden turning, a corner.
*Jinker*, that turns quickly, a gay sprightly girl, a wag.
*Jinkin*, dodging.
*Jirk*, a jerk.
*Jocteleg*, a kind of knife.
*Jouk*, to stoop, to bow the head.
*Jow, to jow*, a verb which includes both the swinging motion and pealing sound of a large bell.
*Jundie*, to justle.

## K.

*KAE*, a daw.
*Kail*, colewort, a kind of broth.
*Kail-runt*, the stem of colewort.
*Kain*, fowls, &c. paid as rent by a farmer.
*Kebbuck*, a cheese.
*Keek*, a peep, to peep.
*Kelpies*, a sort of mischievous spirits, said to haunt fords and ferries at night, especially in storms.
*Ken*, to know; *kend* or *ken't*, knew.
*Kennin*, a small matter.
*Kenspeckle*, well known.
*Ket*, matted, hairy, a fleece of wool.
*Kiaugh*, carking, anxiety.
*Kilt*, to truss up the clothes.
*Kimmer*, a young girl, a gossip.
*Kin'*, kindred.

ind.
cooser, country stallion.
*hood*, a certain part of
entrails of an ox, &c.
country.
the harvest supper, a
n.
to christen, or baptize.
nest, a shop counter.
, any thing that eats
bread, to serve for
, gravy, &c.
indred.
o tickle, ticklish, likely.
a young cat.
, to cuddle.
, cuddling.
e, like *knags*, or points
cks.
*n*, a hammer, a hammer
reaking stones.
a small round hillock.
dwarf.
ows.
a district in Ayrshire.
e belly.
to discover, to shew
lf.

## L.

*LE*, dimin. of lad.
, the angle between
ide and bottom of a
en dish.
low.
, wading, and sinking
ow, mud, &c.
loath.
', bashful, sheepish.
Scottish dialect.
dimin. of lamb.
a kind of shell-fish.
nd, estate.
*Lane*, lone; *my lane*, *thy lane*, &c. myself alone.
*Lanely*, lonely.
*Lang*, long; *to think lang*, to long, to weary.
*Lap*, did leap.
*Lave*, the rest, the remainder, the others.
*Laverock*, the lark.
*Lawin*, shot, reckoning, bill.
*Lawlan*, lowland.
*Lea'e*, to leave.
*Leal*, loyal, true, faithful.
*Lea-rig*, grassy ridge.
*Lear* (pronoun), lare, learning.
*Lee-lang*, live-long.
*Leesome*, pleasant.
*Leeze-me*, a phraze of congratulatory endearment; I am happy in thee, or proud of thee.
*Leister*, a three-pronged dart for striking fish.
*Leugh*, did laugh.
*Leuk*, a look, to look.
*Libbet*, gelded.
*Lift*, sky.
*Lightly*, sneeringly, to sneer at.
*Lilt*, a ballad, a tune, to sing.
*Limmer*, a kept mistress, a strumpet.
*Limp't*, limped, hobbled.
*Link*, to trip along.
*Linkin*, tripping.
*Linn*, a waterfall, precipice.
*Lint*, flax; *lint i' the bell*, flax in flower.
*Lintwhite*, a linnet.
*Loan*, or *loanin*, the place of milking.
*Loof*, the palm of the hand.
*Loot*, did let.
*Loaves*, *plural of* loaf.

*Loun*, a fellow, a ragamuffin, a woman of easy virtue.
*Loup*, jump, leap.
*Lowe*, a flame.
*Lowin*, flaming.
*Lowrie*, *abbreviation of* Lawrence.
*Lowse*, to loose.
*Lows'd*, loosed.
*Lug*, the ear, a handle.
*Lugget*, having a handle.
*Luggie*, a small wooden dish with a handle.
*Lum*, the chimney.
*Lunch*, a large piece of cheese, flesh, &c.
*Lunt*, a column of smoke; to smoke.
*Luntin*, smoking.
*Lyart*, of a mixed colour, grey.

## M.

*MAE*, more.
*Mair*, more.
*Maist*, most, almost.
*Maistly*, mostly.
*Mak*, to make.
*Makin*, making.
*Mailen*, farm.
*Mallie*, Molly.
*Mang*, among.
*Manse*, the parsonage-house, where the minister lives.
*Manteele*, a mantle.
*Mark*, marks. (*This and several other nouns which in English require an s, to form the plural, are in Scotch, like the words* sheep, deer, *the same in both numbers.*)
*Mar's year*, the year 1715.
*Mashlum*, *meslin*, mixed corn.
*Mask*, to mash, as malt, &c.
*Maskin-pat*, a tea-pot.
*Maukin*, a hare.
*Maun*, must.
*Mavis*, the thrush.
*Maw*, to mow.
*Mawin*, mowing.
*Meere*, a mare.
*Meickle*, much.
*Melancholious*, mournful.
*Melder*, corn, or grain of any kind, sent to the mill to be ground.
*Mell*, to meddle. Also a mallet for pounding barley in a stone trough.
*Melvie*, to soil with meal.
*Men'*, to mend.
*Mense*, good manners, decorum.
*Menseless*, ill-bred, rude, impudent.
*Messin*, a small dog.
*Midden*, a dunghill.
*Midden-hole*, a gutter at the bottom of a dunghill.
*Mim*, prim, affectedly meek.
*Min'*, mind, remembrance.
*Mind't*, mind it, resolved, intending.
*Minnie*, mother, dam.
*Mirk*, *mirkest*, dark, darkest.
*Misca'*, to abuse, to call names.
*Misca'd*, abused.
*Mislear'd*, mischievous, unmannerly.
*Mistuk*, mistook.
*Mither*, a mother.
*Mixtie-maxtie*, confusedly mixed.
*Moistify*, to moisten.
*Mony*, or *monie*, many.
*Moop*, to nibble as a sheep.

*Moorlan*, of or belonging to moors.
*Morn*, the next day, to-morrow.
*Mou*, the mouth.
*Moudiwort*, a mole.
*Mousie*, dimin. of mouse.
*Muckle*, or *mickle*, great, big, much.
*Musie*, dimin. of muse.
*Muslin-kail*, broth, composed simply of water, shelled barley, and greens.
*Mutchkin*, an English pint.
*Mysel*, myself.

N.

*NA'*, no, not, nor.
*Nae*, no, not any.
*Naething*, or *naithing*, nothing.
*Naig*, a horse.
*Nane*, none.
*Nappy*, ale, to be tipsy.
*Negleckit*, neglected.
*Neebor*, a neighbour.
*Neuk*, nook.
*Nicst*, next.
*Nieve*, the fist.
*Nievefu'*, handful.
*Niffer*, an exchange; to exchange, to barter.
*Niger*, a negro.
*Nine-tailed-cat*, a hangman's whip.
*Nit*, a nut.
*Norland*, of or belonging to the north.
*Notic't*, noticed.
*Nowte*, black cattle.

O.

*O'*, of.
*Ochels*, name of mountains.
*O haith*, O faith! an oath.
*Ony*, or *onie*, any.
*Or*, is often used for *ere*, before.
*O't*, of it.
*Ourie*, shivering, drooping.
*Oursel*, or *oursels*, ourselves.
*Outlers*, cattle not housed.
*Ower*, over, too.
*Owre-hip*, a way of fetching a blow with the hammer over the arm.

P.

*PACK*, intimate, familiar; twelve stone of wool.
*Painch*, paunch.
*Paitrick*, a partridge.
*Pang*, to cram.
*Parle*, speech.
*Parritch*, oatmeal pudding, a well known Scotch dish.
*Pat*, did put, a pot.
*Pattle*, or *pettle*, a plough-staff.
*Paughty*, proud, haughty.
*Pauky*, or *pawkie*, cunning, sly.
*Pay't*, paid, beat.
*Pech*, to fetch the breath short, as in an asthma.
*Pechan*, the crop, the stomach.
*Peelin*, peeling.
*Pet*, a domesticated sheep, &c.
*Pettle*, to cherish; a plough-staff.
*Philibegs*, short petticoats worn by the Highlandmen.
*Phraise*, fair speeches, flattery, to flatter.
*Phraisin*, flattery.
*Pickle*, a small quantity.
*Pine*, pain, uneasiness.
*Pit*, to put.
*Placad*, a public proclamation.

*Plack*, an old Scotch coin, the third part of a Scotch penny, twelve of which make an English penny.
*Plackless*, pennyless, without money.
*Platie*, dimin. of plate.
*Plew*, or *pleugh*, a plough.
*Pliskie*, a trick.
*Poind*, to seize on cattle, or take the goods, as the laws of Scotland allow for rent.
*Poortith*, poverty.
*Pou*, to pull.
*Pouk*, to pluck.
*Poussie*, a hare, or cat.
*Pout*, a poult, a chick.
*Pou't*, did pull.
*Pouthery*, like powder.
*Pow*, the head, the skull.
*Pownie*, a little horse.
*Powther*, or *pouther*, powder.
*Preen*, a pin.
*Prent*, printing.
*Prie*, to taste.
*Prie'd*, tasted.
*Prief*, proof.
*Prig*, to cheapen, to dispute.
*Priggin*, cheapening.
*Primsie*, demure, precise.
*Propone*, to lay down, to propose.
*Provaist*, provosts.
*Pund*, pound, pounds.
*Pyle*, *a pyle o' caff*, a single grain of chaff.

Q.

*QUAT*, to quit.
*Quak*, to quake.
*Quey*, a cow from one to two years old.

R.

*RAGWEED*, herb ragwort.
*Raible*, to rattle nonsense.
*Rair*, to roar.
*Raize*, to madden, to inflame.
*Ram-feez'd*, fatigued, overspread.
*Ram-stam*, thoughtless, forward.
*Raploch*, *properly* a coarse cloth, *but used as an adnoun for* coarse.
*Rarely*, excellently, very well.
*Rash*, a rush; *rash-buss*, a bush of rushes.
*Ratton*, a rat.
*Raucle*, rash, stout, fearless.
*Raught*, reached.
*Raw*, a row.
*Rax*, to stretch.
*Ream*, cream; to cream.
*Reamin*, brimful, frothing.
*Reave*, rove.
*Reck*, to heed.
*Rede*, counsel, to counsel.
*Red-wat-shod*, walking in blood over the shoe-tops.
*Red-wud*, stark mad.
*Ree*, half drunk, fuddled.
*Reek*, smoke.
*Reekin*, smoking.
*Reekit*, smoked, smoky.
*Remead*, remedy.
*Requite*, requited.
*Rest*, to stand restive.
*Restit*, stood restive, stunted, withered.
*Restricked*, restricted.
*Rew*, repent.
*Rief*, *reef*, plenty.
*Rief randies*, sturdy beggars.

*Rig*, a ridge.
*Rin*, to run, to melt; *runin*, running.
*Rink*, the course of the stones, a term in curling on ice.
*Rip*, a handful of unthreshed corn.
*Riskit*, made a noise like the tearing of roots.
*Rockin*, spinning on the *rock*, or *distaff*.
*Rood*, stands likewise for the plural *roods*.
*Roon*, a shed.
*Roose*, to praise, to commend.
*Roun'*, round, in the circle of neighbourhood.
*Roupet*, hoarse, as with a cold.
*Routhie*, plentiful.
*Row*, to roll, to wrap.
*Row't*, rolled, wrapped.
*Rowte*, to low, to bellow.
*Rowth*, or *routh*, plenty.
*Rowtin*, lowing.
*Rozet*, rosin.
*Rung*, a cudgel.
*Runkled*, wrinkled.
*Runt*, the stem of colewort or cabbage.
*Ruth*, a woman's name; the book so called; sorrow.

## S.

*SAE*, so.
*Saft*, soft.
*Sair*, to serve, a sore.
*Sairly*, or *sairlie*, sorely.
*Sair't*, served.
*Sark*, a shirt.
*Sarkit*, provided in shirts.
*Sauch*, the willow.
*Saul*, soul.
*Saumont*, salmon.
*Saunt*, a saint.
*Saut*, salt.
*Saw*, to sow.
*Sawin*, sowing.
*Sax*, six.
*Scaith*, to damage, to injure, injury.
*Scar*, to scar, a scar.
*Scaud*, to scald.
*Scauld*, to scold.
*Scaur*, apt to be scared.
*Scawl*, a scold.
*Scon*, a kind of bread.
*Sconner*, a loathing, to lothe.
*Scraich*, to scream, as a hen, partridge, &c.
*Screed*, to tear, a rent.
*Scrieve*, to glide swiftly along.
*Scrievin*, gleesomely, swiftly.
*Scrimp*, to scant.
*Scrimpet*, did scant, scanty.
*See'd*, did see.
*Seizin*, seizing.
*Sel*, self; *a body's sel*, one's self alone.
*Sell't*, did sell.
*Sen'*, to send.
*Sen't*, I, he, or she sent, or did send, send it.
*Servan'*, servant.
*Settlin*, settling; *to get a settlin*, to be frighted into quietness.
*Sets, sets off*, goes away.
*Shaird*, a shred, a shard.
*Shangan*, a stick cleft at one end for putting the tail of a dog, &c. into, by way of mischief, or to frighten him away.
*Shaver*, a humourous wag, a barber.
*Shaw*, to shew, a small wood in a hollow place.

*Sheen*, bright, shining.
*Sheep-shank*; *to think one's self nae sheep-shank*, to be conceited.
*Sherra-moor*, sherriff-moor, the famous battle fought in the Rebellion, A. D. 1715.
*Sheugh*, a ditch, a trench, a sluice.
*Shiel*, a shed.
*Shill*, shrill.
*Shog*, a shock, a push off at one side.
*Shool*, a shovel.
*Shoon*, shoes.
*Shore*, to offer, to threaten.
*Shor'd*, offered.
*Shouther*, the shoulder.
*Sic*, such.
*Sicker*, sure, steady.
*Sidelins*, sidelong, slanting.
*Siller*, silver, money.
*Simmer*, summer.
*Sin*, a son.
*Sin'*, since.
*Skaith*, see *scaith*.
*Skellum*, a worthless fellow.
*Skelp*, to strike, to slap; to walk with a smart tripping step; a smart stroke.
*Skelpi-limmer*, a technical term in female scolding.
*Skelpin*, stappin, walking.
*Skiegh*, or *skeigh*, proud, nice, high mettled.
*Skinklin*, a small portion.
*Skirl*, to shriek, to cry shrilly.
*Skirling*, shrieking, crying.
*Skirl't*, shrieked.
*Sklent*, slant, to run aslant, to deviate from truth.
*Sklented*, ran, or hit, in an oblique direction.
*Skreigh*, a scream, to scream.
*Slae*, sloe.
*Slade*, did slide.
*Slap*, a gate, a breach in a fence.
*Slaw*, slow.
*Slee*, sly; *sleest*, slyest.
*Sleekit*, sleek, sly.
*Sliddery*, slippery.
*Slype*, to fall over, as a wet furrow from the plough.
*Slypet*, fell.
*Sma'*, small.
*Smeddum*, dust, powder, mettle, sense.
*Smiddy*, a smithy.
*Smoor*, to smother.
*Smoor'd*, smothered.
*Smoutie*, smutty, obscene, ugly.
*Smytrie*, a numerous collection of small individuals.
*Snapper*, stumble.
*Snash*, abuse, Billingsgate.
*Snaw*, snow, to snow.
*Snaw-broo*, melted snow.
*Snawie*, snowy.
*Sneck*, latch of a door.
*Sned*, to lop, to cut off.
*Sneeshin*, snuff.
*Sneeshin-mill*, a snuff-box.
*Snell*, bitter, biting.
*Snick-drawing*, trick, contriving.
*Snick*, the latchet of a door.
*Snool*, one whose spirit is broken with oppressive slavery; to submit tamely; to sneak.
*Snoove*, to go smoothly and constantly, to sneak.
*Snowk*, to scent or snuff, as a dog, horse, &c.
*Snowkit*, scented, snuffed.

*Sonsie*, having sweet engaging looks, lucky, jolly.
*Soom*, to swim.
*Sooth*, truth, a petty oath.
*Sough*, a sigh, a sound dying on the ear.
*Souple*, flexible, swift.
*Souter*, a shoemaker.
*Sowens*, a dish made of oatmeal, the seeds of oatmeal sowred, &c. boiled up till they make an agreeable pudding.
*Sowp*, a spoonful, a small quantity of any thing liquid.
*South*, to try over a tune with a low whistle.
*Sowther*, solder, to solder, to cement.
*Spae*, to prophesy, to divine.
*Spaul*, a limb.
*Spairge*, to dash, to soil, as with mire.
*Spaviet*, having the spavin.
*Speat*, or *spate*, a sweeping torrent, after rain or thaw.
*Speel*, to climb.
*Spence*, the country parlour.
*Spier*, to ask, to inquire.
*Spier't*, inquired.
*Splatter*, a splutter, to splutter.
*Spleughan*, a tobacco-pouch.
*Splore*, a frolic, a noise, riot.
*Sprattle*, to scramble.
*Spreckled*, spotted, speckled.
*Spring*, a quick air in music, a Scottish reel.
*Sprit*, a tough-rooted plant, something like rushes.
*Sprittie*, full of sprits.
*Spunk*, fire, mettle, wit.
*Spunkie*, mettlesome, fiery; will-o-wisp, or *ignis fatuus*.
*Spurtle*, a stick used in making oatmeal pudding or porridge, a notable Scotch dish.
*Squad*, a crew, a party.
*Squatter*, to flutter in water, as a wild duck, &c.
*Squattle*, to sprawl.
*Squeel*, a scream, a screech, to scream.
*Stacher*, to stagger.
*Stack*, a rick of corn, hay, &c.
*Staggie*, the diminutive of stag.
*Stalwart*, strong, stout.
*Stant'*, to stand; *stan't*, did stand.
*Stane*, a stone.
*Stank*, did stink; a pool of standing water.
*Stap*, stop.
*Stark*, stout.
*Startle*, to run as cattle stung by the gadfly.
*Staumrel*, a blockhead, half-witted.
*Staw*, did steal, to surfeit.
*Stech*, to cram the belly.
*Stechin*, cramming.
*Steek*, to shut, a stitch.
*Steer*, to molest, to stir.
*Steeve*, firm, compacted.
*Stell*, a still.
*Sten*, to rear as a horse.
*Sten't*, reared.
*Stents*, tribute, dues of any kind.
*Stey*, steep; *steyest*, steepest.
*Stibble*, stubble; *stibble-rig*, the reaper in harvest who takes the lead.
*Stick an stow*, totally, altogether.
*Stile*, a crutch; to halt, to limp.

*Stimpart*, the eighth part of a Winchester bushel.
*Stirk*, a cow or bullock a year old.
*Stock*, a plant or root of colewort, cabbage, &c.
*Stockin*, stocking; *throwing the stockin'*, when the bride and bridegroom are put into bed, and the candle out, the former throws a stocking at random among the company, and the person whom it strikes is the next that will be married.
*Stooked*, made up in shocks as corn.
*Stoor*, sounding hollow, strong, and hoarse.
*Stot*, an ox.
*Stoup*, or *stowp*, a kind of jug or dish with a handle.
*Stoure*, dust, *more particularly* dust in motion.
*Stowlins*, by stealth.
*Stown*, stolen.
*Stoyte*, stumble.
*Strack*, did strike.
*Strae*, straw; *to die a fair strae death*, to die in bed.
*Straik*, did strike.
*Straikit*, stroked.
*Strappan*, tall and handsome.
*Straught*, straight.
*Streck*, stretched, to stretch.
*Striddle*, to straddle.
*Stroun*, to spout, to piss.
*Studdie*, an anvil.
*Stumpie*, dimin. of stump.
*Strunt*, spirituous liquor of any kind; to walk sturdily.
*Stuff*, corn or pulse of any kind.
*Sturt*, trouble; to molest.
*Sturtin*, frighted.
*Sucker*, sugar.
*Sud*, should.
*Sugh*, the continued rushing noise of wind or water.
*Suthron*, southern, an old name for the English nation.
*Swaird*, sward.
*Swall'd*, swelled.
*Swank*, stately, jolly.
*Swankie*, or *swanker*, a tight strapping young fellow or girl.
*Swap*, an exchange, to barter.
*Swarf*, swoon.
*Swat*, did sweat.
*Swatch*, a sample.
*Swats*, drink, good ale.
*Sweaten*, sweating.
*Sweer*, lazy, averse; *deadsweer*, extremely averse.
*Swoor*, swore, did swear.
*Swinge*, to beat, to whip.
*Swirl*, a curve, an eddying blast, or pool, a knot in wood.
*Swirlie*, knaggy, full of knots.
*Swith*, get away.
*Swither*, to hesitate in choice, an irresolute wavering in choice.
*Syne*, since, ago, then.

## T.

*TACKETS*, a kind of nails for driving into the heels of shoes.
*Tae*, a toe; *three-tae'd*, having three prongs.
*Tairge*, target.
*Tak*, to take; *takin*, taking.

*Tamtallan*, the name of a mountain.
*Tangle*, a sea-weed.
*Tap*, the top.
*Tapetless*, heedless, foolish.
*Tarrow*, to murmur at one's allowance.
*Tarrow't*, murmured.
*Tarry-breeks*, a sailor.
*Tauld*, or *tuld*, told.
*Taupie*, a foolish thoughtless young person.
*Tauted*, or *tautie*, matted together; spoken of hair or wool.
*Tawie*, that allows itself peaceably to be handled; spoken of a horse, cow, &c.
*Teat*, a small quantity.
*Tedding*, spreading after the mower.
*Ten-hours-bite*, a slight feed to the horses while in the yoke, in the forenoon.
*Tent*, a field pulpit, head caution, take heed.
*Tentie*, heedful, cautious.
*Tentless*, heedless.
*Teugh*, tough.
*Thack*, thatch; *thack an rape*, clothing, necessaries.
*Thae*, these.
*Thairms*, small guts, fiddle-strings.
*Thankit*, thanked.
*Theekit*, thatched.
*Thegither*, together.
*Themsel*, themselves.
*Thick*, intimate, familiar.
*Thieveless*, cold, dry, spited; spoken of a person's demeanour.
*Thir*, these.
*Thirl*, to thrill.
*Thirled*, thrilled, vibrated.
*Thole*, to suffer, to endure.
*Thowe*, a thaw, to thaw.
*Thowless*, slack, lazy.
*Throng*, throng, a crowd.
*Thrapple*, throat, wind-pipe.
*Thraw*, to sprain, to twist, to contradict.
*Thrawin*, twisting, &c.
*Thrawn*, sprained, twisted, contradicted, contradiction.
*Threap*, to maintain by dint of assertion.
*Threshin*, thrashing.
*Threteen*, thirteen.
*Thristle*, thistle.
*Through*, to go on with, to make out.
*Throuther*, pell-mell, confusedly.
*Thud*, to make a loud intermittent noise.
*Thumpit*, thumped.
*Thysel*, thyself.
*Till't*, to it.
*Timmer*, timber.
*Tine*, to lose; *tint*, lost.
*Tinkler*, a tinker.
*Tint the gate*, lost the way.
*Tip*, a ram.
*Tippence*, two-pence.
*Tirl*, to make a slight noise, to uncover.
*Tirlin*, uncovering.
*Tither*, the other.
*Tittle*, to whisper.
*Tittlin*, whispering.
*Tocher*, marriage portion.
*Tod*, a fox.
*Toddle*, to totter, like the walk of a child.
*Toddlin*, tottering.

*Toom*, empty.
*Toop*, a ram.
*Toun*, a hamlet, a farm-house.
*Tout*, the blast of a horn or trumpet, to blow a horn, &c.
*Tow*, a rope.
*Towmond*, a twelve-month.
*Towzie*, rough, shaggy.
*Toy*, a very old fashion of female head-dress.
*Toyte*, to toddle like old age.
*Transmugrify'd*, transmigrated, metamorphosed.
*Trashtrie*, trash.
*Trews*, trowsers.
*Trickie*, full of tricks.
*Trig*, spruce, neat.
*Trimly*, excellently.
*Trow*, to believe.
*Trowth*, truth, a petty oath.
*Trysted*, appointed; to *tryste*, to make an appointment.
*Try't*, tryed.
*Tug*, raw hide, of which in old times plough-traces were frequently made.
*Tulzie*, a quarrel; to quarrel, to fight.
*Twa*, two.
*Twa-three*, a few.
*'Twad*, it would.
*Twal*, twelve; *twal-pennie worth*, a small quantity, a penny-worth.
N. B. *One penny English is* 12*d. Scotch.*
*Twin*, to part.
*Tyke*, a dog.

U.

*UNCO*, strange, uncouth, very, very great, prodigious.
*Uncos*, news.
*Unkenn'd*, unknown.
*Unsicker*, unsure, unsteady.
*Unskaith'd*, undamaged, unhurt.
*Unweeting*, unwotting, unknowingly.
*Upo'*, upon.
*Urchin*, a hedge-hog.

V.

*VAP'RIN*, vapouring.
*Vera*, very.
*Virl*, a ring round a column, &c.

W.

*WA'*, wall; *wa's*, walls.
*Wabster*, a weaver.
*Wad*, would, to bet, a bet, a pledge.
*Wadna*, would not.
*Wae*, woe, sorrowful.
*Waesucks!* or *waes me!* alas! O the pity.
*Waft*, the cross thread that goes from the shuttle through the web; woof.
*Waifu'*, wailing.
*Wair*, to lay out, to expend.
*Wale*, choice, to choose.
*Wal'd*, chose, chosen.
*Walie*, ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress.
*Wame*, the belly.
*Wamefu'*, a belly-full.
*Wanchansie*, unlucky.
*Wanerestfu'*, restless.
*Wark*, work.
*Wark-lume*, a tool to work with.
*Warl*, or *warld*, world.
*Warlock*, a wizzard.
*Warly*, worldly, eager on amassing wealth.

*Warran*, a warrant, to warrant.
*Warst*, worst.
*Warstl'd*, or *warsl'd*, wrestled.
*Wastrie*, prodigality.
*Wat*, wet; *I wat, I wot*, I know.
*Water-brose*, brose made of meal and water simply, without the additions of milk, butter, &c.
*Wattle*, a twig, a wand.
*Wauble*, to swing, to reel.
*Waught*, draught.
*Waukit*, thickened as fullers do cloth.
*Waukrife*, not apt to sleep.
*Waur*, worse, to worst.
*Waur't*, worsted.
*Wean*, or *weanie*, a child.
*Wearie*, or *weary*; *many a wearie body*, many a different person.
*Weason*, weasand.
*Weaving the stocking*. See *Throwing the stocking*, page 260.
*Wee*, little; *wee things*, little ones; *wee bit*, a small matter.
*Weel*, well; *weelfare*, welfare.
*Weet*, rain, wetness.
*Weird*, fate.
*We'se*, we shall.
*Wha*, who.
*Whaizle*, to wheeze.
*Whalpit*, whelped.
*Whang*, a leathern string, a piece of cheese, bread, &c. to give the strappado.
*Whare*, where; *Whare'er*, wherever.
*Wheep*, to fly nimbly, to jerk; *penny-wheep*, small-beer.
*Whase*, whose.
*Whatreck*, nevertheless.
*Whid*, the motion of a hare, running but not frighted, a lie.
*Whidden*, running as a hare or coney.
*Whigmeleeries*, whims, fancies, crotchets.
*Whingin*, crying, complaining, fretting.
*Whirligigums*, useless ornaments, trifling appendages.
*Whissle*, a whistle, to whistle.
*Whisht*, silence; *to hold one's whisht*, to be silent.
*Whisk*, to sweep, to lash.
*Whiskit*, lashed.
*Whitter*, a hearty draught of liquor.
*Whun-stane*, a whin-stone.
*Whyles*, whiles, sometimes.
*Wi'*, with.
*Wick*, to strike a stone in an oblique direction, a term in curling.
*Wicker*, willow (the smaller sort).
*Wiel*, a small whirl-pool.
*Wifie*, a diminutive or endearing term for wife.
*Wimple*, to meander.
*Wimpl't*, meandered.
*Wimplin*, waving, meandering.
*Win*, to win, to winnow.
*Win't*, winded, as a bottom of yarn.
*Win'*, wind; *win's*, winds.
*Winna*, will not.
*Winnock*, a window.
*Winsome*, hearty, vaunted, gay.

| | vol. | page |
|---|---|---|
| *Cu' the yowes to the knowes* | iii. | 101 |
| *Clarinda, mistress of my soul* | iii. | 155 |
| *Come let me take thee to my breast* | iii. | 82 |
| *Contented wi' little and cantie wi' mair* | iii. | 117 |
| *Dear S——, the sleest, paukie thief* | i. | 89 |
| *Deluded swain, the pleasure* | iii. | 92 |
| *Does haughty Gaul invasion threat?* | iii. | 223 |
| *Duncan Gray came here to woo* | iii. | 51 |
| *Dweller in yon dungeon dark* | ii. | 110 |
| *Edina! Scotland's darling seat!* | ii. | 54 |
| *Expect na, Sir, in this narration* | ii. | 45 |
| *Fair fa' your honest, sonsie face* | ii. | 42 |
| *Fairest maid on Devon banks* | iii. | 143 |
| *Farewell, thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies* | iii. | 37 |
| *Farewell thou stream that winding flows* | iii. | 113 |
| *Fate gave the word, the arrow sped* | iii. | 189 |
| *Flow gently, sweet Afton, among the green braes* | iii. | 184 |
| *Forlorn, my love, no comfort near* | iii. | 136 |
| *Friend of the poet, tried and leal* | iii. | 225 |
| *From thee, Eliza, I must go* | ii. | 102 |
| *Gane is the day, and mirk's the night* | iii. | 168 |
| *Green grow the rushes, O* | ii. | 95 |
| *Guid-mornin to your Majesty!* | i. | 97 |
| *Ha! whare are ye gaun, ye crowlin ferlie* | ii. | 51 |
| *Had I a cave on some wild distant shore* | iii. | 76 |
| *Hail, Poesie! thou Nymph reserv'd!* | iii. | 203 |
| *Has auld K—— seen the Deil?* | i. | 121 |
| *Hear, Land o' Cakes, and brither Scots* | ii. | 151 |
| *Here awa, there awa, wandering Willie* | iii. | 59 |
| *The same altered* | iii. | 60, 61 |
| *Here is the glen and here the bower* | iii. | 97 |
| *Here's a health to ane I lo' dear* | iii. | 142 |
| *Here sowter *** in death does sleep* | ii. | 146 |
| *Here where the Scottish Muse immortal lives* | iii. | 98 |

| | vol. | page |
|---|---|---|
| *How can my poor heart be glad* | iii. | 99 |
| *How cold is that bosom which folly once fired* | iii. | 212 |
| *How cruel are the parents* | iii. | 129 |
| *How long and dreary is the night* | iii. | 105 |
| *How pleasant the banks of the clear winding Devon* | iii. | 12 |
| *How wisdom and folly meet, mix, and unite* | iii. | 27 |
| *Husband, husband, cease your strife* | iii. | 94 |
| *I call no goddess to inspire my strains* | iii. | 236 |
| *I gaed a waefu' gate, yestreen* | iii. | 162 |
| *I gat your letter, winsome Willie* | ii. | 68 |
| *I hae a wife o' my ain* | iii. | 15 |
| *I lang hae thought, my youthful friend* | ii. | 35 |
| *I see a form, I see a face* | iii. | 131 |
| *I sing of a whistle, a whistle of worth* | ii. | 177 |
| *I'm three times, doubly o'er, your debtor* | iii. | 3 |
| *Inhuman man curse on thy barb'rous art* | ii. | 142 |
| *In simmer when the hay was mawn* | iii. | 173 |
| *In wood and wild, ye warbling throng* | iii. | 16 |
| *Is there, for honest poverty* | iii. | 120 |
| *Is there a whim-inspired fool* | ii. | 149 |
| *It was the charming month of May* | iii. | 110 |
| *It was upon a Lammas-night* | ii. | 89 |
| *Jockey's ta'en the parting kiss* | iii. | 232 |
| *John Anderson my jo, John* | iii. | 164 |
| *Ken ye ought o' Captain Grose?* | iii. | 234 |
| *Kilmarnock Wabsters, fidge and claw* | i. | 69 |
| *Kind Sir, I've read your paper through* | iii. | 201 |
| *Know thou, O stranger to the fame* | ii. | 148 |
| *Lament in rhyme, lament in prose* | i. | 86 |
| *Lassie wi' the lintwhite locks* | iii. | 112 |
| *Last May a braw wooer cam down the lang glen* | iii. | 138 |
| *Late crippled of an arm, and now a leg* | ii. | 122 |
| *Let not woman e'er complain* | iii. | 106 |
| *Let other poets raise a fracas* | i. | 22 |

| | vol. | page |
|---|---|---|
| *Life ne'er exulted in so rich a prize* | iii. | 34 |
| *Long, long the night* | iii. | 126 |
| *Loud blaw the frosty breezes* | iii. | 147 |
| *Louis, what reck I by thee* | iii. | 187 |
| *Mark yonder pomp of costly fashion* | iii. | 130 |
| *Musing on the roaring ocean* | iii. | 149 |
| *My Chloris, mark how green the groves* | iii. | 109 |
| *My curse upon your venom'd stang* | iii. | 229 |
| *My heart is a breaking, dear Tittie* | iii. | 165 |
| *My heart is sair I dare na tell* | iii. | 187 |
| *My honored Colonel, deep I feel* | iii. | 227 |
| *My Lord, I know, your noble ear* | ii. | 160 |
| *My lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend* | ii. | 7 |
| *My Peggy's face, my Peggy's form* | iii. | 233 |
| *Nae gentle dames, tho' e'er sae fair* | iii. | 216 |
| *No churchman am I for to rail and to write* | ii. | 105 |
| *No more of your guests, be they titled or not* | iii. | 222 |
| *No more, ye warblers of the wood, no more* | iii. | 211 |
| *No sculptured marble here, no pompous lay* | iii. | 19 |
| *No song nor dance I bring from yon great city* | iii. | 32 |
| *Now in her green mantle blythe nature arrays* | iii. | 119 |
| *Now Nature hangs her mantle green* | ii. | 119 |
| *Now rosy May comes in wi' flowers* | iii. | 83 |
| *Now simmer blinks on flowery braes* | iii. | 144 |
| *Now spring has clad the grove in green* | iii. | 132 |
| *Now westlin winds and slaught'ring guns* | ii. | 91 |
| *O bonny was yon rosy brier* | iii. | 134 |
| *O cam you here the fight to shun* | iii. | 205 |
| *O death! thou tyrant fell and bloody!* | ii. | 112 |
| *O gin my love were yon red rose* | iii. | 71 |
| *O had the malt thy strength of mind* | iii. | 222 |
| *O ken ye what Meg o' the Mill has gotten* | iii. | 67 |
| *O lassie, art thou sleeping yet* | iii. | 123 |
| *O leuze me on my spinning wheel* | iii. | 172 |

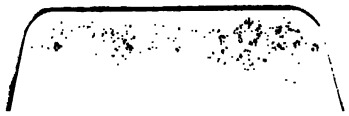
| | vol. | page |
|---|---|---|
| *O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide* | iii. | 69 |
| *O Luve will venture in where it daur na weel be seen* | iii. | 177 |
| *O Mary, at thy window be* | iii. | 57 |
| *O May, thy morn was ne'er so sweet* | iii. | 190 |
| *O meikle thinks my luve o' my beauty* | iii. | 167 |
| *O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour* | iii. | 56 |
| *O my luve's like a red, red rose* | iii. | 193 |
| *O, once I lov'd a bonnie lass* | iii. | 17 |
| *O poortith cauld, and restless love* | iii. | 53 |
| *O Philly, happy be that day* | iii. | 115 |
| *O rough, rude, ready-witted R******* | ii. | 77 |
| *O saw ye bonny Lesley* | iii. | 47 |
| *O saw ye my dear, my Phely?* | iii. | 104 |
| *O stay, sweet warbling woodlark, stay* | iii. | 125 |
| *O tell na me o' wind and rain* | iii. | 124 |
| *O this is no my ain lassie* | iii. | 131 |
| *O Thou dread Pow'r, who reign'st above!* | ii. | 23 |
| *O Thou great Being, what thou art* | ii. | 26 |
| *O thou pale orb, that silent shines* | i. | 163 |
| *O Thou, the first, the greatest Friend* | ii. | 27 |
| *O Thou unknown, Almighty Cause* | ii. | 20 |
| *O thou whatever title suit thee* | i. | 77 |
| *O thou, who kindly dost provide* | iii. | 237 |
| *O Tibbie, I hae seen the day* | iii. | 153 |
| *O what ye wha's in yon town* | iii. | 191 |
| *O wha is she that lo'es me* | iii. | 231 |
| *O were I on Parnassus hill!* | iii. | 158 |
| *O whistle and I'll come to you, my lad* | iii. | 78 |
| *O Willie brew'd a peck o' maut* | iii. | 161 |
| *O ye wha are sa guid yoursel* | i. | 117 |
| *O ye whose cheek the tear of pity stains* | ii. | 147 |
| *Oh open the door, some pity to show* | iii. | 68 |
| *Oh wert thou in the cauld blast* | iii. | 219 |
| *Of a' the airts the wind can blaw* | iii. | 159 |
| *Old winter with his frosty beard* | iii. | 218 |
| *Oppress'd with grief, oppress'd with care* | ii. | 1 |

| | vol. | page |
|---|---|---|
| *Raving winds around her blowing* | iii. | 148 |
| *Revered defender of beauteous Stuart* | iii. | 197 |
| *Right, Sir! your text I'll prove it true* | i. | 75 |
| *Sad thy tale, thou idle page* | ii. | 158 |
| *Sae flaxen were her ringlets* | iii. | 102 |
| *Scenes of woe and scenes of pleasure* | iii. | 239 |
| *Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled* | iii. | 89 |
| *Sensibility how charming* | iii. | 258 |
| *She is a winsome wee thing* | iii. | 46 |
| *She's fair and fause that causes my smart* | iii. | 183 |
| *Should auld acquaintance be forgot* | iii. | 87 |
| *Sing on, sweet thrush, upon thy leafless bough* | iii. | 221 |
| *Sir, as your mandate did request* | iii. | 213 |
| *Sleep'st thou, or wak'st thou, fairest creature* | iii. | 107 |
| *Some books are lies frae end to end* | i. | 49 |
| *Stay, my charmer, can you leave me?* | iii. | 145 |
| *Still anxious to secure your partial favour* | iii. | 40 |
| *Stop, passenger, my story's brief* | ii. | 117 |
| *Streams that glide in orient plains* | iii. | 15 |
| *Sweet fa's the eve on Craigie-burn* | iii. | 122 |
| *Sweet flow'ret, pledge o' meikle love* | ii. | 173 |
| *The Catrine woods were yellow seen* | iii. | 160 |
| *The day returns, my bosom burns* | iii. | 156 |
| *The friend whom wild from wisdom's way* | iii. | 226 |
| *The gloomy night is gathering fast* | ii. | 100 |
| *The lazy mist hangs from the brow of the hill* | iii. | 157 |
| *The lovely lass o' Inverness* | iii. | 188 |
| *The man, in life, wherever plac'd* | ii. | 25 |
| *The poor man weeps—here G——n sleeps* | ii. | 148 |
| *The simple Bard, rough at the rustic plough* | i. | 58 |
| *The small birds rejoice in the green leaves returning* | iii. | 20 |
| *The smiling spring comes in rejoicing* | iii. | 185 |
| *The sun had closed the winter day* | i. | 104 |
| *The Thames flows proudly to the sea* | iii. | 163 |
| *The wind blew hollow frae the hills* | ii. | 126 |

| | vol. | page |
|---|---|---|
| *The wintry west extends his blast* | ii. | 5 |
| *Their groves o' sweet myrtle let foreign lands reckon* | iii. | 127 |
| *There's auld Rob Morris that wons in yon glen* | iii. | 50 |
| *There's braw, braw lads on Yarrow braes* | iii. | 55 |
| *There's nought but care on ev'ry han'* | ii. | 95 |
| *There was a lass, and she was fair* | iii. | 73 |
| *There was once a day, but old Time was then young* | iii. | 199 |
| *There was three kings into the east* | ii. | 81 |
| *They snool me sair and hand me down* | iii. | 171 |
| *Thickest night o'erhang my dwelling!* | iii. | 146 |
| *Thine am I, my faithful fair* | iii. | 93 |
| *Thine be the volumes, Jessy fair* | iii. | 220 |
| *This day, Time winds th' exhausted chain* | iii. | 208 |
| *This wot ye all whom it concerns* | iii. | 10 |
| *Thou as left me ever, Jamie* | iii. | 86 |
| *Thou ling'ring star with less'ning ray* | iii. | 8 |
| *Thou of an independent mind* | iii. | 210 |
| *Thou, who thy honour as thy God rever'st* | ii. | 130 |
| *Thou, whom chance may hither lead* | ii. | 107 |
| *'Tis friendship's pledge, my young fair friend* | iii. | 135 |
| **** *To Chrochallan came* | iii. | 210 |
| *'Twas even, the dewy fields were green* | iii. | 6 |
| *'Twas in that place o' Scotland's isle* | i. | 11 |
| *'Twas na her bonnie blue e'e was my ruin* | iii. | 128 |
| *True hearted was he the sad swain o' the Yarrow* | iii. | 68 |
| *Turn again, thou fair Eliza* | iii. | 175 |
| *Upon a simmer Sunday morn* | i. | 37 |
| *Upon that night, when fairies light* | i. | 127 |
| *Wee, modest, crimson-tipped flower* | ii. | 29 |
| *Wee sleekit, cow'rin, tim'rous beastie* | i. | 148 |
| *What can a young lassie, what shall a young lassie* | iii. | 169 |
| *When biting Boreas, fell and doure* | i. | 151 |
| *When chapman billies leave the street* | ii. | 131 |
| *When chill November's surly blast* | ii. | 16 |

| | vol. | page |
|---|---|---|
| *When Death's dark stream I ferry o'er* | iii. | 239 |
| *When Guildford good our pilot stood* | ii. | 85 |
| *When Nature her great master-piece design'd* | iii. | 21 |
| *When o'er the hill the eastern star* | iii. | 43 |
| *When wild war's deadly blast was blawn* | iii. | 64 |
| *Where are the joys I hae met in the morning* | iii. | 90 |
| *Where raving angry winter's storms* | iii. | 152 |
| *Where Cart rins rowing to the sea* | iii. | 186 |
| *While briars an' woodbines budding green* | ii. | 57 |
| *While Europe's eye is fixed on mighty things* | ii. | 38 |
| *While larks with little wings* | ii. | 75 |
| *While new-ca'd kye rout at the stake* | ii. | 63 |
| *While virgin spring, by Eden's flood* | ii. | 143 |
| *While winds frae aff Ben Lomond blaw* | i. | 156 |
| *Whoe'er thou art, O reader, know,* | ii. | 147 |
| *Why am I loth to leave this earthly scene!* | ii. | 21 |
| *Why, why tell thy lover* | iii. | 140 |
| *Why, ye tenants of the lake* | ii. | 165 |
| *Willie Wastle dwells on Tweed* | iii. | 180 |
| *Will ye go to the Indies, my Mary* | iii. | 44 |
| *Wilt thou be my dearie* | iii. | 96, 182 |
| *With musing deep, astonish'd stare* | i. | 111 |
| *Wow, but your letter made me vauntie* | iii. | 29 |
| *Ye banks, and braes, and streams around* | iii. | 48 |
| *Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon* | iii. | 179 |
| *Ye Irish lords, ye knights and squires* | i. | 28 |


END OF THE SECOND VOLUME.

Luke Hansard, Printer,
Great Turnstile, Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

BODLEIANA